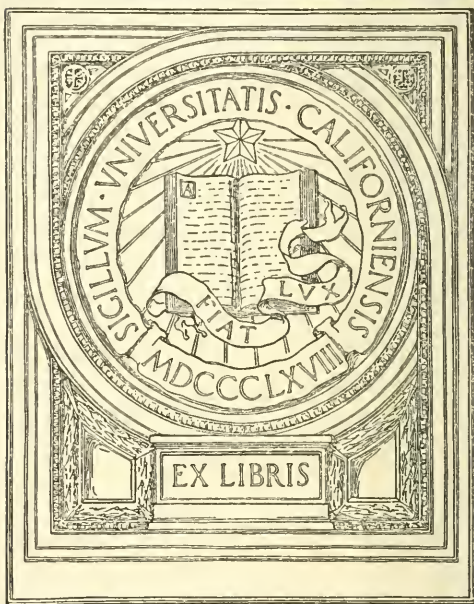


ILLUSTRATIVE
RULES OF
ENGLISH
COMPOSITION

• JAMES W. LINN •

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION

BY

JAMES WEBER LINN

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following selections are intended to illustrate various types of the four kinds of composition:—Exposition, Argumentation, Description, and Narration. A few of these selections have already been used in volumes like this present one; most have not. Whether long or short, formal or informal in character, they are all examples of writing which is technically correct; they all illustrate the theory of composition. But they are more than correct; they are also easy and stimulating. The compiler of this book is acquainted with many similar collections, some of them admirable; but he has found few which do not somehow depress the young reader with the belief that good writing is dull reading. Is it not barely possible that the dissemination of this belief accounts in part for the fact that our college students read little and narrowly?

Each group of selections in this volume begins with brief examples, and proceeds to others longer and more complicated. All the selections, however, are comparatively simple in diction. Some are even strikingly informal. We teachers preach down “fine” writing, but we often offer our students for imitation mannered writing. It takes an exceptional freshman to distinguish between that which is strong and that which is only flourishing, that which is delicate and that which is only affected. And even the exceptional freshman is usually cursed with the desire to be clever; a desire which the present editor believes ought to be discouraged, if necessary almost by violence.

And yet these selections, stimulating and straightforward, are not offered for imitation. There are those who disagree with Stevenson concerning the value of imitation; most would admit that in any event imitation should be attempted only by students who have some real familiarity with the work of their models. It is the material, the method, and the structure of the following selections, rather than their style, to which the student's attention should be drawn. Suggestions for study, based on this conception, have been given in the form of notes. Every teacher will, of course, alter and improve upon these suggestions to suit the needs of his particular class, or of individuals. Many teachers will perhaps prefer to read the various selections, or some of them, aloud, with a running comment which shall make the structure and the devices of each one clear. This practice the compiler has often found valuable with his own students.

Examples of the writing of students have not been included, because each class provides its own, good and bad, fresher and more stimulating than any form of foreign sources can be. Examples of the short story have also been omitted, chiefly because the study of the technique of the short story is not usually a matter for the freshman year.

This volume can be used in conjunction with any textbook of rhetoric which the teacher may desire. In form and general order, however, it is a companion to the compiler's *Essentials of English Composition*, which it is primarily intended to supplement.

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES OF
ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

EXPOSITION.

THE CHARM OF MEXICO.

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU.

“Does it rain here in summer as much as it does in winter?” I once asked a Mexican lady in a saturated mountain village in the State of Vera Cruz.

“*No hay reglas fijas, señor*” (there are no fixed rules), she replied, after a thoughtful silence, with a shrug.

No hay reglas fijas! It is not perhaps a detailed description of the great Don Porfirio’s republic, but it is a consummate epitome, and once you have committed it to memory and “taken it to heart,” your literary pursuits begin to languish. After traveling for three weeks in Mexico, almost anyone can write an entertaining and oracular volume, but after living there for several years, the oracle—unless subsidized by the government—has a tendency to become dumb. For, in a country where theory and practice are so at variance, personal experience becomes the chart by which one is accustomed to steer, and although it is a valuable one, it may, for a hundred quaint reasons, be entirely different from that of the man whose ranch, or mine, or coffee place adjoins one’s own.

In just this, I feel sure, lies much of the indisputable charm of Mexico. *No hay reglas fijas*. Everyone’s experience is different, and everyone, in a sense, is a pioneer groping his way—like Cortez on his prodigious march up from the sea. One never knows, from the largest to the

smallest circumstances of life, just what to expect, and Ultimate Truth abideth not. This is not so much because Mexicans are instinctive and facile liars, as because the usual methods of ascertaining and disseminating news are not employed. At home we demand facts and get them. In Mexico one subsists on rumor and never demands anything. A well-regulated, systematic, and precise person always detests Mexico, and can rarely bring himself to say a kind word about anything in it, including the scenery. But if one is not inclined to exaggerate the importance of exactitude and is perpetually interested in the casual, the florid, and the problematic, Mexico is one long, carelessly written but absorbing romance.

—From *Viva Mexico!*

CONDUCT AND ADVENTURE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts—the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny: anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future. Now we are pleased by our conduct, anon merely pleased by our surroundings. It would be hard to say which of these modes of satisfaction is the more effective, but the latter is surely the more constant. Conduct is three parts of life, they say, but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply a-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life.

—From *A Gossip on Romance*.

EXACT MEANINGS.

BARRETT WENDELL.

How true, how inevitable spontaneous disagreement as to what words mean must be, how wholly inadequate the vocabularies at our disposal to the infinite shades of thought and feeling we must use them to express, nothing can show more clearly than the disputes, in talk and even in volumes, which are constantly going on about us. More of these than any one would guess who has not carefully examined them turn upon what seems like perverse misunderstanding of words. What does a man mean, for example, who asserts another is or is not a gentleman? To one the question turns on clothes; to another on social position gauged by the subtle standards of fashion; to another on birth; to another on manners; to another on those still more subtle things, the feelings which go to make up character; to another still on a combination of some or all of these. Last winter a superannuated fisherman died in a little Yankee village. He was rough enough in aspect to delight a painter; if he could read and write it was all he could do. But there was about the man a certain dignity of self-respect which made him at ease with whoever spoke to him, which made whoever spoke to him at ease with him. I have heard few more fitting epitaphs than a phrase used by a college friend of mine who knew the old fellow as well as I: "What a gentleman he was!" But one who heard this alone would never have guessed that it applied to an uncouth old figure, not over clean, that until a few months ago was visibly trudging about the paths of our New England coast. Just such misunderstandings as any of us can see would arise here, underlie by far the greater part of what disputes come to my knowledge.

—From *English Composition*.

THE COLOR OF WALDEN POND.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Walden is blue at one time and green at another, even from the same point of view. Lying between the earth and the heavens, it partakes of the color of both. Viewed from a hilltop it reflects the color of the sky; but near at hand it is of a yellowish tint next the shore where you can see the sand, then a light green, which gradually deepens to a uniform dark green in the body of the pond. In some lights, viewed even from a hilltop, it is of a vivid green next the shore. Some have referred this to the verdure; but it is equally green there against the railroad sand-bank, and in the spring, before the leaves are expanded, and it may be simply the result of the prevailing blue mixed with the yellow of the sand. Such is the color of its iris. This is that portion, also, where in the spring the ice, being warmed by the heat of the sun reflected from the bottom, and also transmitted through the earth, melts first and forms a narrow canal about the still frozen middle. Like the rest of our waters, when much agitated, in clear weather, so that the surface of the waves may reflect the sky at the right angle, or because there is more light mixed with it, it appears at a little distance of a darker blue than the sky itself; and at such a time, being on its surface, and looking with divided vision, so as to see the reflection, I have discerned a matchless and indescribable light blue, such as watered or changeable silks and sword blades suggest, more cerulean than the sky itself, alternating with the original dark green on the opposite sides of the waves, which last appeared but muddy in comparison. It is a vitreous green-

ish blue, as I remember it, like those patches of the winter sky seen through cloud vistas in the west before sundown. Yet a single glass of its water held up to the light is as colorless as an equal quantity of air. It is well known that a large plate of glass will have a green tint, owing, as the makers say, to its "body," but a small piece of the same will be colorless. How large a body of Walden water would be required to reflect a green tint I have never proved. The water of our river is black or a very dark brown to one looking directly down on it, and, like that of most ponds, imparts to the body of one bathing in it a yellowish tinge; but this water is of such crystalline purity that the body of the bather appears of an alabaster whiteness, still more unnatural, which, as the limbs are magnified and distorted withal, produces a monstrous effect, making fit studies for a Michael Angelo.

—From *Walden*.

THE FLAME.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

He was splendidly serious. He was as splendidly serious as a reformer. By a single urgent act of thought he would have made himself a man, and changed imperfection into perfection. He desired—and there was real passion in his desire—to do his best, to exhaust himself in doing his best, in living according to his conscience. He did not know of what he was capable, nor what he could achieve. Achievement was not the matter of his desire; but endeavor, honest and terrific endeavor. He admitted to himself his shortcomings, and he did not underestimate the difficulties that lay before him; but he said, thinking of his father: “Surely he’ll see I mean business! Surely he’s bound to give in when he sees how much in earnest I am!” He was convinced, almost, that passionate faith could move mountainous fathers.

“I’ll show ’em!” he muttered.

And he meant that he would show the world. . . . He was honoring the world; he was paying the finest homage to it. In that head of his a flame burst that was like an altar-fire, a miraculous and beautiful phenomenon, than which nothing is more miraculous nor more beautiful over the whole earth. Whence had it suddenly sprung, that flame? after years of muddy inefficiency, of contentedness with the second-rate and the dishonest, that flame astoundingly bursts forth, from a hidden, unheeded spark that none had ever thought to blow upon. It bursts forth out of a damp jungle of careless habits and negligence that could

not possibly have fed it. There is little to encourage it. The very architecture of the streets shows that environment has done naught for it; ragged brick-work, walls finished anyhow with saggars and slag; narrow, uneven alleys, leading to higgledy-piggledy work-shops and kilns; cottages transformed into factories and factories into cottages, clumsily, hastily, because nothing matters so long as "it will do"; everywhere something forced to fulfil, badly, the function of something else; in brief, the reign of the slovenly makeshift, shameless, filthy, and picturesque. Edwin himself seemed no tabernacle for that singular flame. He was not merely untidy and dirty,—at his age such defects might have excited in a sane observer uneasiness by their absence; but his gestures and his gait were untidy. He did not mind how he walked. All his sprawling limbs were saying: "What does it matter so long as we get there?" The angle of the slatternly bag across his shoulders was an insult to the flame. And yet the flame burned with serene and terrible pureness.

It was surprising that no one saw it passing along the mean, black, smoke-palled streets that huddle about St. Luke's Church. Sundry experienced and fat old women were standing or sitting at their cottage-doors, one or two smoking cutties. But even they, who in child-bed and at grave-sides had been at the very core of life for long years, they, who saw more than most, could only see a fresh lad passing along, with fair hair and a clear complexion, and gawky knees and elbows, a fierce, rapt expression on his straightforward, good-natured face. Some knew that it was "Clayhanger's lad," a nice-behaved young gentleman, and the spitten image of his poor mother. They all knew what a lad is—the feel of his young skin under his "duds," the capricious freedom of his movements, his sudden madresses and shoutings and tendernesses, and

the exceeding power of his unconscious wistful charm. They could divine all that in a glance. But they could not see the mysterious and holy flame of the desire for self-perfecting, blazing within that touzled head. And if Edwin had suspected that anybody could indeed perceive it, he would have whipped it out for shame, though the repudiation had meant everlasting death. Such is youth in the Five Towns, if not elsewhere.

—From *Clayhanger*.

THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

JAMES B. GREENOUGH AND GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE.

Language is the expression of thought by means of words; that is, by means of signs of a peculiar sort made with the vocal organs. Since the tongue is one of the most important of these organs, and since we are habitually conscious of using it in articulation, we often call our language our "tongue,"—and the word *language* itself is derived, through the French, from *lingua*, the Latin name for that organ.

The origin of language is an unsolved problem. It was once supposed that man was created a talking animal; that is to say, that he could speak immediately on his creation, through a special faculty inherent in his very nature. Some scholars maintained that our first parents were instructed in the rudiments of speech by God himself, or that language *in esse* was a gift bestowed by the deity immediately after Adam was created. Along with these opinions went, in former times, the opinion that Hebrew, the language of the Jewish Scriptures, was the primitive tongue of mankind. None of these views are now in favor, either with theologians or with philologists. However we conceive the first man to have come into existence, we are forced to believe that language as we know it was a human invention. Not language itself, but the inherent power to frame and develop a language was the birthright of man. This result, it will be seen, is purely negative. It defines what the origin of language was *not*, but it throws no light on the question what it *was*, and no satisfactory answer to the question has ever been proposed.

Some scholars believe that human speech originated in man's attempt to imitate the sounds of nature, as if a child should call a dog "bow-wow," or a cow "moo." No doubt such imitation accounts for a certain number of words in our vocabulary, but there are great difficulties in carrying out the theory to its ultimate results. All that can be said is that the "bow-wow theory," as it is jocose-ly called, has never been driven from the field. Another view, which may be traced without any great difficulty to Herder's attempt to explain "the speech of animals," has found a warm defender in Max Müller. According to this view, which has a specious appearance of philosophical profundity, the utterances of primitive man were the spontaneous result, by reflex action, of impressions produced upon him by various external phenomena. Though the "ding-dong theory," as it is derisively called, is now discredited, and, in its entirety, is hardly susceptible of intelligible statement, it may, after all, contain a grain of truth.

Another partly discredited theory seeks the origin of language in such involuntary exclamations as *oh! bah! pshaw!* and the like. Hence it is often called the "pooh-pooh theory."

The upshot of the whole discussion is a confession of ignorance. The impossibility of arriving at the truth is more and more evident, as the stupendous length of man's residence upon this planet before the dawn of history is more and more clearly recognized. We do not know, and we can never know, how language began.

—From *Words and Their Ways in English Speech*.

THE ASSOCIATIONS OF WORDS.

JAMES B. GREENOUGH AND GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE.

Words, then, have no character in themselves. They are merely conventional signs, and consequently they can be good or bad, dignified or vulgar, only in accordance with the ideas they conventionally denote or suggest in the mind of the speaker and his hearers. Yet under this head of *suggestions* comes in an important consideration, which accounts for a great deal that would otherwise be inexplicable. Most words, from their use, acquire general connotations or associations, which almost seem to give them a character of their own.

Thus the word *fist* means simply "the hand with the fingers doubled up against the palm." In the idiomatic comparison "as big as your first," it is purely descriptive, and has no particular character, good or bad. The use of the fist in fighting, however, has given a peculiar connotation to the term. We may say, "He hit his opponent with his clenched fist," for here again *fist* is purely descriptive, and occurs in an appropriate environment. Similarly, we may say, "The boy cried dismally, wiping his eyes with his dingy fist," for here there is a certain grotesqueness in the scene which justifies the use of undignified language. But we can no longer say, as was formerly possible, "The lady held a lily in her delicate fist." In other words, the associations of *fist* are either pugnacious, vulgar, or jocose.

These suggestive associations are partly general and partly individual. If certain phrases are habitually associated in our minds with low or disagreeable persons or things, they will inevitably be relegated to the category of unseemly terms; and, on the other hand, phrases that

are associated with dignified and reputable persons or circumstances, will acquire a kind of respectability independent of the exact meaning which they convey.

The associations in question may be purely personal. Everybody remembers certain words which he dislikes intensely, though they are in common use, convey no bad or disagreeable meaning, and are quite euphonious. We may even remember our reason for such dislikes. Perhaps the word is associated with an unpleasant experience; more likely, however, our antipathy is due to its habitual use by some one we do not fancy. Or we may have been bored by hearing the word over-used, so that every new repetition gives us a feeling of satiety.

We have already adverted to this doctrine of association in discussing slang. One of the chief objections to the excessive use of this pariah dialect is not that there is anything objectionable about the words themselves, but that their associations are low, or at least undignified, and perhaps disgusting. If they secure a position in the vocabulary, their origin is likely to be forgotten, and they cease to be offensive.

The associations of words are always shifting, even when the meaning remains unchanged. Hence we continually meet with expressions in our older poets which have lost their dignity, and appear to us out of harmony with the context, though they were quite irreproachable when the author used them. Examples are *brag*, *candy*, *pate*, *slubber*, *mope*, *fry*, *portly*, *smug*, *pothor*, *liver*, *wink*, *blab*, *feed*, and many others. The effect referred to may be felt in such a passage as the following:

I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of *stuff'd* sufficiency.

—Shakspeare, *The Winter's Tale*, act II, sc. 1, ll. 182-5.

It is largely these indefinite connotations of words that make it so difficult to speak a foreign tongue. We may be well trained in grammar and command a large vocabulary, and yet use words which, though they express our meaning accurately enough, suggest ridiculous or inopportune associations to a native. "Baboo English" is proverbial. The awkward and equivocal remarks into which one frequently blunders in speaking one's own language, "the things one would rather have left unsaid," depend on a momentary forgetfulness of some more or less obscure connotation which the words that we are using may bear.

—From *Words and Their Ways in English Speech*.

THE PURITANS.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns

of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which shortsighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year.

Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the Council or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People, who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach. And

we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity—that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstons and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and a useful body.

—From *Essay on Milton*.

FASHION.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

I have watched you this ten minutes, while your carriage has been standing still, and have seen your smiling face change twice, as though you were about to say, "I am not accustomed to be stopped like this"; but what I have chiefly noticed is that you have not looked at anything except the persons sitting opposite and the backs of your flunkies on the box. Clearly nothing has distracted you from following your thought: "There is pleasure before me, I am told!" Yours is the three-hundredth carriage in this row that blocks the road for half a mile. In the two hundred and ninety-nine that come before it, and the four hundred that come after, you are sitting too—with your face before you and your unseeing eyes.

Resented while you gathered being; brought into the world with the most distinguished skill; remembered by your mother when the whim came to her; taught to believe that life consists in caring for your clean, well-nourished body, and your manner that nothing usual can disturb; taught to regard Society as the little ring of men and women that you see, and to feel your only business is to know the next thing that you want and get it given you—*You have never had a chance!*

You take commands from no other creature; your heart gives you your commands, forms your desires, your wishes, your opinions, and passes them between your lips. From your heart well up the springs that feed the river of your conduct; but your heart is a stagnant pool that has never seen the sun. Each year when April comes, and the earth smells new, you have an odd aching underneath your cor-

sets. What is it for? You have a husband, or a lover, or both, or neither, whichever suits you best; you have children, or could have them if you wished for them; you are fed at stated intervals with food and wine; you have all you want of country life and country sports; you have the theatre and the opera, books, music and religion! From the top of the plume, torn from a dying bird, or the flowers, made at an insufficient wage, that decorate your head, to the sole of the shoe that cramps your foot, you are decked out with solemn care; a year of labor has been sewn into your garments and forged into your rings—you are a breathing triumph!

You live in the centre of the centre of the world; if you wish you can have access to everything that has been thought since the world of thought began; if you wish you can see everything that has ever been produced, for you can travel where you like; you are within reach of Nature's grandest forms and the most perfect works of art. You can hear the last word that is said on everything, if you wish. When you do wish, the latest tastes are servants of your palate, the latest scents attend your nose—*You have never had a chance!*

For, sitting there in your seven hundred carriages, you are blind—in heart, and soul, and voice, and walk; the blindest creature in the world. Never for one minute of your life have you thought, or done, or spoken for yourself. You have been prevented, and so wonderful is this plot to keep you blind that you have not a notion it exists. To yourself your sight seems good, such is your pleasant thought. Since you cannot even see this hedge around you, how can there be anything the other side? The ache beneath your corsets in the spring is all you are ever to know of what there is beyond. And no one is to blame for this—you least of all.

It was settled, long before the well-fed dullard's kiss from which you sprang. Forces have worked, in dim, inexorable progress, from the remotest time till they have bred you, little blind creature, to be the masterpiece of their creation. With the wondrous subtlety of Fate's selection, they have paired and paired all that most narrowly approaches to the mean, all that by nature shirks the risks of living, all that by essence clings to custom, till they have secured a state of things which has assured your coming, in your perfection of nonentity. They have planted you apart in your expensive mould, and still they are at work—these gardeners never idle—pruning and tying night and day to prevent your running wild. The Forces are proud of you—their waxen, scentless flower!

The sun beats down, and still your carriage does not move; and this delay is getting on your nerves. You cannot imagine what is blocking-up your way! Do you ever imagine anything? If all these goodly coverings that contain you could be taken off, what should we find within the last and inmost shell—a little soul that has lost its power of speculation. A soul that was born in you a bird and has become a creeping thing; wings gone, eyes gone, groping, and clawing with its tentacles what is given it.

You stand up, speaking to your coachman! And you are charming, standing there, to us who, like your footman, cannot see the label "Blind." The cut of your gown is perfect, the dressing of your hair the latest, the trimming of your hat is later still; your trick of speech the very thing; you droop your eyelids to the life; you have not too much powder; it is a lesson in grace to see you hold your parasol. The doll of Nature! So, since you were born; so, until you die! And, with his turned, clean-shaven face, your footman seems to say: "Madam, how you have come to be it is not my province to inquire. You are! I am myself de-

pendent on you!" You are the heroine of the farce, but no one smiles at you, for you are tragic, the most tragic figure in the world. No fault of yours that ears and eyes and heart and voice are atrophied so that you have no longer spirit of your own!

Fashion brought you forth, and she has seen to it that you are the image of your mother, knowing that if she made you by a hair's-breadth different, you would see what she is like and judge her. You are Fashion, Fashion herself, blind, fear-full Fashion! You do what you do because others do it; think what you think because others think it; feel what you feel because others feel it. You are the Figure without eyes.

And no one can reach you, no one can alter you, poor little bundle of others' thoughts; for there is nothing left to reach.

In your seven hundred carriages, you pass; and the road is bright with you. Above that road, below it, and on either hand, are the million things and beings that you cannot see; all that is organic in the world, all that is living and creating, all that is striving to be free. You pass, glittering, on your round, the sightless captive of your own triumph; and the eyes of the hollow-chested work-girls on the pavement fix on you a thousand eager looks, for you are strange to them. Many of their hearts are sore with envy; they do not know that you are as dead as snow around a crater; they cannot tell you for the nothing that you are—Fashion! The Figure without eyes!

—From *A Commentary*.

MORGAN'S WAY.

JOHN FOX, JR.

Boots and saddles at daybreak!

Over the border, in Dixie, two videttes in gray trot briskly from out a leafy woodland, side by side, and looking with keen eyes right and left; one, erect, boyish, bronzed; the other, slouching, bearded, huge—the boy, Daniel Dean; the man, Rebel Jerry Dillon, one of the giant twins.

Fifty yards behind them emerges a single picket; after him come three more videttes, the same distance apart. Fifty yards behind the last rides “the advance”—a guard of twenty-five picked men. No commission among “Morgan’s Men” was more eagerly sought than a place on that guard of hourly risk and honor. Behind it trot still three more videttes, at intervals of one hundred yards, and just that interval behind the last of these ride Morgan’s Men, the flower of Kentucky’s youth, in columns of fours—Colonel Hunt’s regiment in advance, the colors borne by Renfrew the Silent in a brilliant Zouave jacket studded with buttons of red coral. In the rear rumble two Parrot guns, affectionately christened the “Bull Pups.”

Skirting the next woodland ran a cross-road. Down one way gallops Dan, and down the other lumbers Rebel Jerry, each two hundred yards. A cry rings from vidette to vidette behind them and back to the guard. Two horsemen spur from the “advance” and take the places of the last two videttes, while the videttes in front take and keep the original formation until the column passes that cross-road, when Dean and Dillon gallop up to their old places in the extreme front again. Far in front, and on both flanks, are scouting parties, miles away.

This was the way Morgan marched.

Yankees ahead! Not many, to be sure—no more numerous than two or three to one; so back fall the videttes and forward charges that advance guard like a thunderbolt, not troubling the column behind. Wild yells, a clattering of hoofs, the crack of pistol-shots, a wild flight, a merry chase, a few riderless horses gathered in from the fleeing Yankees, and the incident is over.

Ten miles more, and many hostile bayonets gleam ahead. A serious fight, this, perhaps—so back drops the advance, this time as a reserve; up gallops the column into single rank and dismounts, while the flank companies, deploying as skirmishers, cover the whole front, one man out of each set of fours and the corporals holding the horses in the rear. The “Bull Pups” bark and the Rebel yell rings as the line—the files two yards apart—“a long flexible line curving forward at each extremity”—slips forward at a half run. This time the Yankees charge.

From every point of that curving line pours a merciless fire, and the charging men in blue recoil—all but one. (War is full of grim humor.) On comes one lone Yankee, hatless, red-headed, pulling on his reins with might and main, his horse beyond control, and not one of the enemy shoots as he sweeps helplessly into their line. A huge rebel grabs his bridle-rein.

“I don’t know whether to kill you now,” he says, with pretended ferocity, “or wait till the fight is over.”

“For God’s sake, don’t kill me at all!” shouts the Yankee. “I’m a dissipated character, and not prepared to die.”

Shots from the right flank and rear, and that line is thrown about like a rope. But the main body of the Yankees is to the left.

“Left face! Double-quick!” is the ringing order, and,

by magic, the line concentrates in a solid phalanx and sweeps forward.

This was the way Morgan fought.

And thus, marching and fighting, he went his triumphant way into the land of the enemy, without sabres, without artillery, without even the "Bull Pups," sometimes—fighting infantry, cavalry, artillery with only muzzle-loading rifles, pistols, and shotguns; scattering Home Guards like turkeys; destroying railroads and bridges; taking towns and burning Government stores, and encompassed, usually, with forces treble his own.

This was what Morgan did on a raid, was what he had done, what he was starting out now to do again.

—From *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*.

LUMBERING IN THE EARLY '80'S.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

The men who were to fell the trees, Radway distributed along one boundary of a "forty." They were instructed to move forward across the forty in a straight line, felling every pine tree over eight inches in diameter. While the "saw-gangs," three in number, prepared to fell the first trees, other men, called "swampers," were busy cutting and clearing of roots narrow little trails down through the forest from the pine to the skidway at the edge of the logging road. The trails were perhaps three feet wide, and marvels of smoothness, although no attempt was made to level mere inequalities of the ground. They were called travoy roads (French *travois*). Down them the logs would be dragged and hauled, either by means of heavy steel tongs or a short sledge on which one end of the timber would be chained.

Meantime the sawyers were busy. Each pair of men selected a tree, the first they encountered over the blazed line of their "forty." After determining in which direction it was to fall, they set to work to chop a deep gash in that side of the trunk.

Tom Brodhead and Henry Paul picked out a tremendous pine which they determined to throw across a little open space in proximity to the travoy road. One stood to right, the other to left, and alternately their axes bit deep. It was a beautiful sight this, of experts wielding their tools. The craft of the woodsman means incidentally such a free swing of the shoulders and hips, such a directness of stroke as the blade of one sinks accurately in the

gash made by the other, that one never tires of watching the grace of it. Tom glanced up as a sailor looks aloft.

"She'll do, Hank," he said.

The two then with a dozen half clips of the ax removed the inequalities of the bark from the saw's path. The long flexible ribbon of steel began to sing, bending so adaptably to the hands and motions of the men manipulating, that it did not seem possible so mobile an instrument could cut the rough pine. In a moment the song changed timbre. Without a word the men straightened their backs. Tom flitted along the blade a thin stream of kerosene oil from a bottle in his hip pocket, and the sawyers again bent to their work, swaying back and forth rhythmically, their muscles rippling under the texture of their woolens like those of a panther under its skin. The outer edge of a saw blade disappeared.

"Better wedge her, Tom," advised Hank.

They paused while, with a heavy sledge, Tom drove a triangle of steel into the crack made by the sawing. This prevented the weight of the tree from pinching the saw, which is a ruin at once to the instrument and the temper of the filer. Then the rhythmical z-z-z! z-z-z! again took up its song.

When the trunk was nearly severed, Tom drove another and thicker wedge.

"*Timber!*" halloed Hank in a long-drawn melodious call that melted through the woods into the distance. The swampers ceased work and withdrew to safety.

But the tree stood obstinately upright. So the saw leaped back and forth a few strokes more.

"*Crack!*" called the tree.

Hank coolly unhooked his saw handle, and Tom drew the blade through and out on the other side.

The tree shivered, then leaned ever so slightly from the

perpendicular, then fell, at first gently, afterwards with a crescendo rush, tearing through the branches of other trees, bending the small timber, breaking the smallest, and at last hitting with a tremendous crash and bang which filled the air with a fog of small twigs, needles, and the powder of snow, that settled but slowly. There is nothing more impressive than this rush of a pine top, excepting it be a charge of cavalry or the fall of Niagara. Old woodsmen sometimes shout aloud with the mere excitement into which it lifts them.

Then the swampers, who had by now finished the travoy road, trimmed the prostrate trunk clear of all protuberances. It required fairly skillful ax work. The branches had to be shaved close and clear, and at the same time the trunk must not be gashed. And often a man was forced to wield his instrument from a constrained position.

The chopped branches and limbs had now to be dragged clear and piled. While this was being finished, Tom and Hank marked off and sawed the log lengths, paying due attention to the necessity of avoiding knots, forks, and rotten places. Thus some of the logs were eighteen, some sixteen, or fourteen, and some only twelve feet in length.

Next appeared the teamsters with their little wooden sledges, their steel chains and their tongs. They had been helping the skidders to place the parallel and level beams, or skids, on which the logs were to be piled by the side of the road. The tree which Tom and Hank had just felled, lay up a gentle slope from the new travoy road, so little Fabian Laveque, the teamster, clamped the bite of his tongs to the end of the largest, or butt, log.

“Allez, Molly!” he cried.

The horse, huge, elephantine, her head down, nose close

to her chest, intelligently spying her steps, moved. The log half rolled over, slid three feet, and menaced a stump.

"Gee!" cried Laveque.

Molly stepped twice directly sideways, planted her fore foot on a root she had seen, and pulled sharply. The end of the log slid around the stump.

"Allez!" commanded Laveque.

And Molly started gingerly down the hill. She pulled the timber, heavy as an iron safe, here and there through the brush, missing no steps, making no false moves, backing, and finally getting out of the way of an unexpected roll with the ease and intelligence of Laveque himself. In five minutes the burden lay by the travoy road. In two minutes more one end of it had been rolled on the little flat wooden sledge and, the other end dragging, it was winding majestically down through the ancient forest. The little Frenchman stood high on the forward end. Molly stepped ahead carefully, with the strange intelligence of the logger's horse. Through the tall, straight, decorative trunks of trees the convoy moved with the massive pomp of a dead warrior's cortège. And little Fabian Laveque, singing, a midget in the vastness, typified the indomitable spirit of these conquerors of a wilderness.

When Molly and Fabian had travoyed the log to the skidway, they drew it with a bump across the two parallel skids, and left it there to be rolled to the top of the pile.

Then Mike McGovern and Bob Stratton and Jim Gladys took charge of it. Mike and Bob were running the cant-hooks, while Jim stood on top of the great pile of logs already decked. A slender, pliable steel chain, like a gray snake, ran over the top of the pile and disappeared through a pulley to an invisible horse,—Jenny, the mate of Molly. Jim threw the end of this chain

down. Bob passed it over and under the log and returned it to Jim, who reached down after it with the hook of his implement. Thus the stick of timber rested in a long loop, one end of which led to the invisible horse, and the other Jim made fast to the top of the pile. He did so by jamming into another log the steel swamp-hook with which the chain was armed. When all was made fast, the horse started.

"She's a bumper!" said Bob. "Look out, Mike!"

The log slid to the foot of the two parallel poles laid slanting up the face of the pile. Then it trembled on the ascent. But one end stuck for an instant, and at once the log took on a dangerous slant. Quick as light Bob and Mike sprang forward, gripped the hooks of the cant-hooks, like great thumbs and forefingers, and while one held with all his power, the other gave a sharp twist upward. The log straightened. It was a master feat of power, and the knack of applying strength justly.

At the top of the little incline, the timber hovered for a second.

"One more!" sang out Jim to the driver. He poised, stepped lightly up and over, and avoided by the safe hair's breadth being crushed when the log rolled. But it did not lie quite straight and even. So Mike cut a short thick block, and all three stirred the heavy timber sufficiently to admit of the billet's insertion.

Then the chain was thrown down for another.

Jenny, harnessed only to a straight short bar with a hook in it, leaned to her collar and dug in her hoofs at the word of command. The driver, close to her tail, held fast the slender steel chain by an ingenious hitch about the ever-useful swamp-hook. When Jim shouted "whoa!" from the top of the skidway, the driver did not trouble to stop the horse,—he merely let go the hook.

So the power was shut off suddenly, as is meet and proper in such ticklish business. He turned and walked back, and Jenny, like a dog, without the necessity of command, followed him in slow patience.

Now came Dyer, the scaler, rapidly down the logging road, a small slender man with a little, turned-up mustache. The men disliked him because of his affectation of a city smartness, and because he never ate with them, even when there was plenty of room. Radway had confidence in him because he lived in the same shanty with him. This one fact a good deal explains Radway's character. The scaler's duty at present was to measure the diameter of the logs in each skidway, and so compute the number of board feet. At the office he tended van, kept the books, and looked after supplies.

He approached the skidway swiftly, laid his flexible rule across the face of each log, made a mark on his pine tablets in the column to which the log belonged, thrust the tablet in the pocket of his coat, seized a blue crayon, in a long holder, with which he made an S as indication that the log had been scaled, and finally tapped several times strongly with a sledge hammer. On the face of the hammer in relief was an M inside of a delta. This was the Company's brand, and so the log was branded as belonging to them. He swarmed all over the skidway, rapid and absorbed, in strange contrast of activity to the slower power of the actual skidding. In a moment he moved on to the next scene of operations without having said a word to any of the men.

"A fine t'ing!" said Mike, spitting.

—From *The Blazed Trail*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON.

Walter Scott is a writer who should just now be re-emerging into his own high place in letters, for unquestionably the recent, though now dwindling, schools of severely technical and æsthetic criticism have been unfavorable to him. He was a chaotic and unequal writer, and if there is one thing in which artists have improved since his time, it is in consistency and equality. It would perhaps be unkind to inquire whether the level of the modern man of letters; as compared with Scott, is due to the absence of valleys or the absence of mountains. But in any case we have learnt in our day to arrange our literary effects carefully, and the only point in which we fall short of Scott is in the incidental misfortune that we have nothing in particular to arrange.

It is said that Scott is neglected by modern readers; if so, the matter could be more appropriately described by saying that modern readers are neglected by Providence. The ground of this neglect, in so far as it exists, must be found, I suppose, in the general sentiment that, like the beard of Polonius, he is too long. Yet it is surely a peculiar thing that in literature alone a house should be despised because it is too large, or a host impugned because he is too generous. If romance be really a pleasure, it is difficult to understand the modern reader's consuming desire to get it over, and if it be not a pleasure, it is difficult to understand his desire to have it at all. Mere size, it seems to me, cannot be a fault. The fault must lie in some disproportion. If some of Scott's stories are dull and dilatory, it is not be-

cause they are giants, but because they are hunchbacks or cripples. Scott was very far indeed from being a perfect writer, but I do not think that it can be shown that the large and elaborate plan on which his stories are built was by any means an imperfection. He arranged his endless prefaces and his colossal introductions just as an architect plans great gates and long approaches to a really large house. He did not share the latter-day desire to get quickly through a story. He enjoyed narrative as a sensation; he did not wish to swallow a story like a pill, that it should do him good afterwards. He desired to taste it like a glass of port, that it might do him good at the time. The reader sits late at his banquets. His characters have that air of immortality which belongs to those of Dumas and Dickens. We should not be surprised to meet them in any number of sequels. Scott, in his heart of hearts, probably would have liked to write an endless story without either beginning or close.

Walter Scott is a great, and, therefore, mysterious man. He will never be understood until Romance is understood, and that will only be when Time, Man, and Eternity are understood. To say that Scott has more than any other man that ever lived a sense of the romantic seems, in these days, a slight and superficial tribute. The whole modern theory arises from one fundamental mistake—the idea that romance is in some way a plaything with life, a figment, a conventionality, a thing upon the outside. No genuine criticism of romance will ever arise until we have grasped the fact that romance lies not upon the outside of life, but absolutely in the centre of it. The centre of every man's existence is a dream. Death, disease, insanity, are merely material accidents, like toothache or a twisted ankle. That these brutal forces always besiege and often capture the citadel does not prove that they are the citadel.

The boast of the realist (applying what the reviewers call his scalpel) is that he cuts into the heart of life; but he makes a very shallow incision, if he only reaches as deep as habits and calamities and sins. Deeper than all these lies a man's vision of himself, as swaggering and sentimental as a penny novelette. The literature of candor unearths innumerable weaknesses and elements of lawlessness which is called romance. It perceives superficial habits like murderer and dipsomania, but it does not perceive the deepest of sins—the sin of vanity—vanity which is the mother of all lay-dreams and adventures, the one sin that is not shared with any boon companion, or whispered to any priest.

In estimating, therefore, the ground of Scott's preëminence in romance we must absolutely rid ourselves of the notion that romance or adventure are merely materialistic things involved in the tangle of a plot or the multiplicity of drawn swords. We must remember that it is, like tragedy or farce, a state of the soul, and that, for some dark and elemental reason which we can never understand, this state of the soul is evoked in us by the sight of certain places or the contemplation of certain human crises, by a stream rushing under a heavy and covered wooden bridge, or by a man plunging a knife or a sword into tough timber. In the selection of these situations which catch the spirit of romance as in a net, Scott has never been equalled or even approached. His finest scenes affect us like fragments of a hilarious dream. They have the same quality which is often possessed by those nocturnal comedies—that of seeming more human than our waking life—even while they are less possible. Sir Walter Wardour, with his daughter and the old beggar crouching in a cranny of the cliff as night falls and the tide closes around them, are actually in the coldest and bitterest of practical situations. Yet the whole incident has a quality which can

only be called boyish. It is warmed with all the colors of an incredible sunset. Rob Roy trapped in the Tolbooth, and confronted with Bailie Nicol Jarvie, draws no sword, leaps from no window, affects none of the dazzling external acts upon which contemporary romance depends, yet that plain and humorous dialogue is full of the essential philosophy of romance which is almost equal betting upon man and destiny. Perhaps the most profoundly thrilling of all Scott's situations is that in which the family of Colonel Mannering are waiting for the carriage which may or may not arrive by night to bring an unknown man into a princely possession. Yet almost the whole of that thrilling scene consists of a ridiculous conversation about food, and flirtation between a frivolous old lawyer and a fashionable girl. We can say nothing about what makes these scenes, except that the wind bloweth where it listeth, and that here the wind blows strong.

It is in this quality of what may be called spiritual adventurousness that Scott stands at so different an elevation to the whole of the contemporary crop of romancers who have followed the leadership of Dumas. There has, indeed, been a great and inspiring revival of romance in our time, but it is partly frustrated in almost every case by this rooted conception that romance consists in the vast multiplication of incidents and the violent acceleration of narrative. The heroes of Mr. Stanley Weyman scarcely ever have their swords out of their hands; the deeper presence of romance is far better felt when the sword is at the hip ready for innumerable adventures too terrible to be pictured. The Stanley Weyman hero has scarcely time to eat his supper except in the act of leaping from a window or whilst his other hand is employed in lunging with a rapier. In Scott's heroes, on the other hand, there is no characteristic so typical or so worthy of humor as their

disposition to linger over their meals. The conviviality of the Clerk of Copmanhurst or of Mr. Pleydell, and the thoroughly solid things they are described as eating, is one of the most perfect of Scott's poetic touches. In short, Mr. Stanley Weyman is filled with the conviction that the sole essence of romance is to move with insatiable rapidity from incident to incident. In the truer romance of Scott, there is more of the sentiment of "Oh, still delay, thou art so fair!" more of a certain patriarchal enjoyment of things as they are—of the sword by the side and the wine-cup in the hand. Romance, indeed, does not consist by any means so much in experiencing adventures as in being ready for them. How little the actual boy cares for incidents in comparison to tools and weapons may be tested by the fact that the most popular story of adventure is concerned with a man who lived for years on a desert island with two guns and a sword, which he never had to use on an enemy.

—From *Varied Types*.

YOUTH IN THE CITY.

JANE ADDAMS.

Nothing is more certain than that each generation longs for a reassurance as to the value and charm of life, and is secretly afraid lest it lose its sense of the youth of the earth. This is doubtless one reason why it so passionately cherishes its poets and artists who have been able to explore for themselves and to reveal to others the perpetual springs of life's self-renewal.

And yet the average man cannot obtain this desired reassurance through literature, nor yet through glimpses of earth and sky. It can come to him only through the chance embodiment of joy and youth which life itself may throw in his way. It is doubtless true that for the mass of men the message is never so unchallenged and so invincible as when embodied in youth itself. One generation after another has depended upon its young to equip it with gaiety and enthusiasm, to persuade it that living is a pleasure, until men everywhere have anxiously provided channels through which this wine of life might flow, and be preserved for their delight. The classical city promoted play with careful solicitude, building the theater and stadium as it built the market place and the temple. The Greeks held their games so integral a part of religion and patriotism that they came to expect from their poets the highest utterances at the very moments when the sense of pleasure released the national life. In the mediæval city the knights held their tourneys, the guilds their pageants, the people their dances, and the church made festival for its most cherished saints with gay street processions, and

presented a drama in which no less a theme than the history of creation became a matter of thrilling interest. Only in the modern city have men concluded that it is no longer necessary for the municipality to provide for the insatiable desire for play. In so far as they have acted upon this conclusion, they have entered upon a most difficult and dangerous experiment; and this at the very moment when the city has become distinctly industrial, and daily labor is continually more monotonous and subdivided. We forget how new the modern city is, and how short the span of time in which we have assumed that we can eliminate public provision for recreation.

A further difficulty lies in the fact that this industrialism has gathered together multitudes of eager young creatures from all quarters of the earth as a labor supply for the countless factories and workshops, upon which the present industrial city is based. Never before in civilization have such numbers of young girls been suddenly released from the protection of the home and permitted to walk unattended upon city streets and to work under alien roofs; for the first time they are being prized more for their labor power than for their innocence, their tender beauty, their ephemeral gaiety. Society cares more for the products they manufacture than for their immemorial ability to reaffirm the charm of existence. Never before have such numbers of young boys earned money independently of the family life, and felt themselves free to spend it as they choose in the midst of vice deliberately disguised as pleasure.

This stupid experiment of organizing work and failing to organize play has, of course, brought about a fine revenge. The love of pleasure will not be denied, and when it has turned into all sorts of malignant and vicious appetites, then we, the middle aged, grow quite distracted and

resort to all sorts of restrictive measures. We even try to dam up the sweet fountain itself because we are affrighted by these neglected streams; but almost worse than the restrictive measures is our apparent belief that the city itself has no obligation in the matter, an assumption upon which the modern city turns over to commercialism practically all the provisions for public recreation.

Quite as one set of men has organized the young people into industrial enterprises in order to profit from their toil, so another set of men and also of women, I am sorry to say, have entered the neglected field of recreation and have organized enterprises which make profit out of this invincible love of pleasure.

In every city arise so-called "places"—"gin-palaces," they are called in fiction; in Chicago we euphemistically say merely "places,"—in which alcohol is dispensed, not to allay thirst, but, ostensibly to stimulate gaiety, it is sold really in order to empty pockets. Huge dance halls are opened to which hundreds of young people are attracted, many of whom stand wistfully outside a roped circle, for it requires five cents to procure within it for five minutes the sense of allurements and intoxication which is sold in lieu of innocent pleasure. These coarse and illicit merry-makings remind one of the unrestrained jollities of Restoration London, and they are indeed their direct descendants, properly commercialized, still confusing joy with lust, and gaiety with debauchery. Since the soldiers of Cromwell shut up the people's playhouses and destroyed their pleasure fields, the Anglo-Saxon city has turned over the provision for public recreation to the most evil-minded and the most unscrupulous members of the community. We see thousands of girls walking up and down the streets on a pleasant evening with no chance to catch a sight of pleasure even through a lighted window, save as these

lurid places provide it. Apparently the modern city sees in these girls only two possibilities, both of them commercial: first, a chance to utilize by day their new and tender labor power in its factories and shops, and then another chance in the evening to extract from them their petty wages by pandering to their love of pleasure.

As these overworked girls stream along the street, the rest of us see only the self-conscious walk, the giggling speech, the preposterous clothing. And yet through the huge hat, with its wilderness of bedraggled feathers, the girl announces to the world that she is here. She demands attention to the fact of her existence, she states that she is ready to live, to take her place in the world. The most precious moment in human development is the young creature's assertion that he is unlike any other human being, and has an individual contribution to make to the world. The variation from the established type is at the root of all change, the only possible basis for progress, all that keeps life from growing unprofitably stale and repetitious.

Is it only the artists who really see these young creatures as they are—the artists who are themselves endowed with immortal youth? Is it our disregard of the artist's message which makes us so blind and so stupid, or are we so under the influence of our *Zeitgeist* that we can detect only commercial values in the young as well as in the old? It is as if our eyes were holden to the mystic beauty, the redemptive joy, the civic pride which these multitudes of young people might supply to our dingy towns.

The young creatures themselves piteously look all about them in order to find an adequate means of expression for their most precious message: One day a serious young man came to Hull-House with his pretty young sister who, he explained, wanted to go somewhere every single evening, "although she could only give the flimsy excuse that the

flat was too little and too stuffy to stay in." In the difficult rôle of elder brother, he had done his best, stating that he had taken her "to all the missions in the neighborhood, that she had had a chance to listen to some awful good sermons and to some elegant hymns, but that some way she did not seem to care for the society of the best Christian people." The little sister reddened painfully under this cruel indictment and could offer no word of excuse, but a curious thing happened to me. Perhaps it was the phrase "the best Christian people," perhaps it was the delicate color of her flushing cheeks and her swimming eyes, but certain it is, that instantly and vividly there appeared to my mind the delicately tinted piece of wall in a Roman catacomb where the early Christians, through a dozen devices of spring flowers, skipping lambs, and a shepherd tenderly guiding the young, had indelibly written down that the Christian message is one of inexpressible joy. Who is responsible for forgetting this message delivered by the "best Christian people" two thousand years ago? Who is to blame that the lambs, the little ewe lambs, have been so caught upon the brambles?

But quite as the modern city wastes this most valuable moment in the life of the girl, and drives into all sorts of absurd and obscure expressions her love and yearning towards the world in which she forecasts her destiny, so it often drives the boy into gambling and drinking in order to find his adventure.

Of Lincoln's enlistment of two and a half million soldiers, a very large number were under twenty-one, some of them under eighteen, and still others were mere children under fifteen. Even in those stirring times when patriotism and high resolve were at the flood, no one responded as did "the boys," and the great soul who yearned over them, who refused to shoot the sentinels who slept the sleep of child-

hood, knew, as no one else knew, the precious glowing stuff of which his army was made. But what of the millions of boys who are now searching for adventurous action, longing to fulfil the same high purpose?

One of the most pathetic sights in the public dance halls of Chicago is the number of young men, obviously honest young fellows from the country, who stand about vainly hoping to make the acquaintance of some "nice girl." They look eagerly up and down the rows of girls, many of whom are drawn to the hall by the same keen desire for pleasure and social intercourse which the lonely young men themselves feel.

One Sunday night at twelve o'clock I had occasion to go into a large public dance hall. As I was standing by the rail looking for the girl I had come to find, a young man approached me and quite simply asked me to introduce him to some "nice girl," saying that he did not know any one there. On my replying that a public dance hall was not the best place in which to look for a nice girl, he said: "But I don't know any other place where there is a chance to meet any kind of a girl. I'm awfully lonesome since I came to Chicago." And then he added rather defiantly: "Some nice girls do come here! It's one of the best halls in town." He was voicing the "bitter loneliness" that many city men remember to have experienced during the first years after they had "come up to town." Occasionally the right sort of man and girl meet each other in these dance halls and the romance with such a tawdry beginning ends happily and respectably. But, unfortunately, mingled with the respectable young men seeking to form the acquaintance of young women through the only channel which is available to them, are many young fellows of evil purpose, and among the girls who have left their lonely boarding houses or rigid homes for a "little fling" are like-

wise women who openly desire to make money from the young men whom they meet, and back of it all is the desire to profit by the sale of intoxicating and "doctored" drinks.

Perhaps never before have the pleasures of the young and mature become so definitely separated as in the modern city. The public dance halls filled with frivolous and irresponsible young people in a feverish search for pleasure, are but a sorry substitute for the old dances on the village green in which all the older people of the village participated. Chaperonage was not then a social duty but natural and inevitable, and the whole courtship period was guarded by the conventions and restraint which were taken as a matter of course and had developed through years of publicity and simple propriety.

The only marvel is that the stupid attempt to put the fine old wine of traditional country life into the new bottles of the modern town does not lead to disaster oftener than it does, and that the wine so long remains pure and sparkling.

We cannot afford to be ungenerous to the city in which we live without suffering the penalty which lack of fair interpretation always entails. Let us know the modern city in its weakness and wickedness, and then seek to rectify and purify it until it shall be free at least from the grosser temptations which now beset the young people who are living in its tenement houses and working in its factories. The mass of these young people are possessed of good intentions and they are equipped with a certain understanding of city life. This itself could be made a most valuable social instrument toward securing innocent recreation and better social organization. They are already serving the city in so far as it is honeycombed with mutual benefit societies, with "pleasure clubs," with organizations connected with churches and factories which

are filling a genuine social need. And yet the whole apparatus for supplying pleasure is wretchedly inadequate and full of danger to whomsoever may approach it. Who is responsible for its inadequacy and dangers? We certainly cannot expect the fathers and mothers who have come to the city from farms or who have emigrated from other lands to appreciate or rectify these dangers. We cannot expect the young people themselves to cling to conventions which are totally unsuited to modern city conditions, nor yet to be equal to the task of forming new conventions through which this more agglomerate social life may express itself. Above all we cannot hope that they will understand the emotional force which seizes them and which, when it does not find the traditional line of domesticity, serves as a cancer in the very tissues of society and as a disrupter of the securest social bonds. No attempt is made to treat the manifestations of this fundamental instinct with dignity or to give it possible social utility. The spontaneous joy, the clamor for pleasure, the desire of the young people to appear finer and better and altogether more lovely than they really are, the idealization not only of each other, but of the whole earth which they regard but as a theater for their noble exploits, the unworldly ambitions, the romantic hopes, the make-believe world in which they live, if properly utilized, what might they not do to make our sordid cities more beautiful, more companionable?

—From *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets*.

THE PREPARATION OF COFFEE.

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU.

Beyond the fact that you "don't take sugar, thank you," and like to have the cream poured in first, do you know anything about coffee? Did you know that the pretty, fussy trees (they are really more like large shrubs) won't grow in the sun and won't grow in the shade, but have to be given companionship in the form of other trees that, high above them, permit just enough and not too much sunshine to filter mildly in? And that unless you twist off the berries in a persuasive, almost gentle fashion, you so hurt their feelings that in the spring they may refuse to flower? And that the branches are so brittle they have a way of cracking off from the weight of their own crop? And that wherever there is coffee there is also a tough, graceful little vine about as thick as a telegraph wire which, if left uncut, winds itself around and around a tree, finally strangling it to death as a snake strangles a rabbit?

When I see the brown hands of the pickers fluttering like nimble birds among the branches, and think of the eight different processes to which the little berries must be subjected before they can become a cup of drinkable coffee, I often wonder how and by whom their secret was wrested from them. Was it an accident like the original whitening of sugar, when—so we used to be told—a chicken with clay on its feet ran over a mound of crude, brown crystals? Or did a dejected Arabian, having heard all his life that (like the tomato of our grandmothers) it was a deadly thing, attempt by drinking it to assuage forever a hopeless passion for some bulbul of the desert, and then find himself not

dead, but waking? A careless woman drops a bottle of bluing into a vat of wood pulp and lo! for the first time we have colored writing paper. But no one ever inadvertently picked, dispulped, fermented, washed, dried, hulled, roasted, ground, and boiled coffee, and unless most of these things are done to it, it is of no possible use.

After the coffee is picked it is brought home in sacks, measured, and run through the dispulper, a machine that removes the tough red, outer skin. Every berry (except the pea berry—a freak) is composed of two beans, and these are covered with a sweet, slimy substance known as the “honey,” which has to ferment and rot before the beans may be washed. Washing simply removes the honey and those pieces of the outer skin that have escaped the teeth of the machine and flowed from the front end where they weren’t wanted. Four or five changes of water are made in the course of the operation, and toward the last, when the rotted honey has been washed away, leaving the beans hard and clean in their coverings of parchment, one of the men takes off his trousers, rolls up his drawers, and knee deep in the heavy mixture of coffee and water drags his feet as rapidly as he can around the cement washing tank until the whole mass is in motion with a swirling eddy in the center. Into the eddy gravitate all the impurities—the foreign substances—the dead leaves and twigs and unwelcome hulls, and when they all seem to be there, the man deftly scoops them up with his hands and tosses them over the side. Then, if it be a fine hot day, the soggy mass is shoveled on the *asoleadero* (literally, the sunning place), an immense sloping platform covered with smooth cement, and there it is spread out to dry while men in their bare feet constantly turn it over with wooden hoes in order that the beans may receive the sun equally on all sides.

It sounds simple, and if one numbered among one's employees a Joshua who could command the sun to stand still when one wished it to, it doubtless would be. But no matter how much coffee there may be spread out on the asoleadero, the sun not only loses its force at a certain hour and then inconsiderately sets, it sometimes refuses for weeks at a time to show itself at all. During these dreary eternities the half-dried coffee is stowed away in sacks or, when it is too wet to dispose of in this manner without danger of molding, it is heaped up in ridges on the asoleadero and covered. When it rains, work of all kinds in connection with the coffee necessarily ceases. The dryers cannot dry and the pickers cannot pick. Even when it is not actually raining the pickers won't go out if the trees are still wet. For the water from the shaken branches chills and stiffens their bloodless hands and soaks through their cotton clothes to the skin. If one's plantation and one's annual crop are large enough to justify the expense, one may defy the sun by investing in what is known as a *secadero*—a machine for drying coffee by artificial heat. But I haven't arrived at one of these two-thousand-dollar sun-scorers—yet.

That is as far as I go with my coffee—I pick it, dispulp it, wash it, dry it, and sell it. But while the first four of these performances sometimes bid fair to worry me into my grave before my prime, and the fourth at least is of vital importance, as the flavor of coffee may certainly be marred, if not made, in the drying, they are but the prelude to what is eventually done to it before you critically sip it, and declare it to be good or bad. Women and children pick it over by hand, separating it into different classes; it is then run through one machine that divests it of its parchment covering; another, with the uncanny precision of mindless things, gropes for beans that happen to

be of exactly the same shape, wonderfully finds them, and drops them into their respective places; while at the same time it is throwing out every bean that either nature or the dispulping machine has in the slightest degree mutilated. The sensitiveness and apperception of this iron and wooden box far exceed my own. Often I am unable to see the difference between the beans it has chosen to discharge into one sack and the beans it has relegated to another—to feel the justice of its irrevocable decisions. But they are always just, and every bean it drops into the defective sack will be found, upon examination, to be defective. Then there is still another machine for polishing the bean—rubbing off the delicate, tissue-paper membrane that covers it inside of the parchment. This process does not affect the flavor. In fact nothing affects the flavor of coffee after it has once been dried; but the separation and the polishing give it what is known to the trade as “style.” And in the trade there is as much poppy-cock about coffee as there is about wine and cigars. When you telephone to your grocer for a mixture of Mocha and Java do you by any chance imagine that you are going to receive coffee from Arabia and the Dutch islands? What you do receive, the coffee kings alone know. There are, I have been told, a few sacks of real Mocha in the United States, just as there are a few Vandykes and Holbeins, and if you are very lucky indeed, the Mocha in your mixture will have been grown in Mexico.

—From *Viva Mexico!*

DE FINIBUS.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

When Swift was in love with Stella, and despatching her a letter from London thrice a month by the Irish packet, you may remember how he would begin letter No. XXIII., we will say, on the very day when XXII. had been sent away, stealing out of the coffee house or the assembly so as to be able to prattle with his dear; “never letting go her kind hand, as it were,” as some commentator or other has said in speaking of the Dean and his amour. When Mr. Johnson, walking to Dodsley’s, and touching the posts in Pall Mall as he walked, forgot to pat the head of one of them, he went back and imposed his hands on it,—impelled I know not by what superstition. I have this I hope not dangerous mania too. As soon as a piece of work is out of hand, and before going to sleep, I like to begin another: it may be to write only half a dozen lines: but that is something toward Number the Next. The printer’s boy has not yet reached Green Arbour Court with the copy. Those people who were alive half an hour since, Pendennis, Clive Newcome, and (what do you call him? what was the name of the last hero? I remember now!) Philip Firmin, have hardly drunk their glass of wine, and the mammas have only this minute got the children’s cloaks on, and have been bowed out of my premises—and here I come back to the study again: *tamen usque recurro*. How lonely it looks now all these people are gone! My dear good friends, some folks are utterly tired of you,

and say, "What a poverty of friends the man has! He is always asking us to meet those Pendennises, Newcomes, and so forth. Why does he not introduce us to some new characters? Why is he not thrilling like Twostars, learned and profound like Threestars, exquisitely humorous and human like Fourstars? Why, finally, is he not somebody else?" My good people, it is not only impossible to please you all, but it is absurd to try. The dish which one man devours, another dislikes. Is the dinner of to-day not to your taste? Let us hope to-morrow's entertainment will be more agreeable. I resume my original subject. What an odd, pleasant, humorous, melancholy feeling it is to sit in the study, alone and quiet, now all these people are gone who have been boarding and lodging with me for twenty months! They have interrupted my rest: they have plagued me at all sorts of minutes: they have thrust themselves upon me when I was ill, or wished to be idle, and I have growled out a "Be hanged to you, can't you leave me alone now?" Once or twice they have prevented my going out to dinner. Many and many a time they have prevented my coming home, because I knew they were there waiting in the study and a plague take them! and have left home and family, and gone to dine at the club, and told nobody where I went. They have bored me, those people. They have plagued me at all sorts of uncomfortable hours. They have made such a disturbance in my mind and house that sometimes I have hardly known what was going on in my family, and scarcely have heard what my neighbor said to me. They are gone at last; and you would expect me to be at ease? Far from it. I should almost be glad if Woolcomb would walk in and talk to me; or Twysden reappear, take his place in that chair opposite me, and begin one of his tremendous stories.

Madmen, you know, see visions, hold conversations with, even draw the likeness of, people invisible to you and me. Is this making of people out of fancy madness? and are novel-writers at all entitled to strait-waistcoats? I often forget people's names in life; and in my own stories contritely own that I make dreadful blunders regarding them; but I declare, my dear sir, with respect to the personages introduced into your humble servant's fables, I know the people utterly—I know the sound of their voices. A gentleman came in to see me the other day, who was so like the picture of Philip Firmin in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the *Cornhill Magazine*, that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firmin in my mind. Asleep, asleep, in the grave, lies the bold, the generous, the reckless, the tender-hearted creature whom I have made to pass through those adventures which have just been brought to an end. It is years since I heard the laughter ringing, or saw the bright blue eyes. When I knew him both were young. I become young as I think of him. And this morning he was alive again in this room, ready to laugh, to fight, to weep. As I write, do you know, it is the grey of evening; the house is quiet; everybody is out; the room is getting a little dark, and I look rather wistfully up from the paper with perhaps ever so little fancy that HE MAY COME IN.—No? No movement. No grey shade, growing more palpable, out of which at last look the well-known eyes. No, the printer came and took him away with the last page of the proofs. And with the printer's boy did the whole cortège of ghosts flit away, invisible? Ha! stay! what is this? Angels and ministers of grace! The door opens, and a dark form—enters, bearing a black—a black suit of

clothes. It is John. He says it is time to dress for dinner.

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Every man who has had his German tutor, and has been coached through the famous "Faust" of Goethe (thou wert my instructor, good old Weissenborn, and these eyes beheld the great master himself in dear little Weimar town!) has read those charming verses which are prefixed to the drama, in which the poet reverts to the time when his work was first composed, and recalls the friends now departed who once listened to his song. The dear shadows rise up around him, he says; he lives in the past again. It is to-day which appears vague and visionary. We humbler writers cannot create Fausts, or raise up monumental works that shall endure for all ages; but our books are diaries, in which our own feelings must of necessity be set down. As we look to the page written last month, or ten years ago, we remember the day and its events: the child ill, mayhap, in the adjoining room, and the doubts and fears which racked the brain as it still pursued its work; the dear old friend who read the commencement of the tale, and whose gentle hand shall be laid in ours no more. I own for my part that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see; but that past day; that bygone page of life's history; that tragedy, comedy it may be, which our little home company was enacting; that merry-making which we shared; that funeral which we followed; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried.

And, such being the state of my mind, I pray gentle readers to deal kindly with their humble servant's manifold short-comings, blunders, and slips of memory. As sure as I read a page of my own composition, I find a

fault or two, half-a-dozen. Jones is called Brown. Brown, who is dead, is brought to life. Aghast, and months after the number was printed, I saw that I had called Philip Firmin, Clive Newcome. Now Clive Newcome is the hero of another story by the reader's most obedient writer. The two men are as different in my mind's eye, as—as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli, let us say. But there is that blunder at page 990, line 76, volume 84 of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and it is past mending; and I wish in my life I had made no worse blunders or errors than that which is hereby acknowledged.

Another Finis written. Another mile-stone passed on this journey from birth to the next world! Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business and be voluble to the end of our age? Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue, and let younger people speak? I have a friend, a painter, who, like other persons who shall be nameless, is growing old. He has never painted with such laborious finish as his works now show. This master is still the most humble and diligent of scholars. Of Art, his mistress, he is always an eager, reverent pupil. In his calling, in yours, in mine, industry and humility will help and comfort us. A word with you. In a pretty large experience, I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information, non-writers must often be superior to writers. You don't expect a lawyer in full practice to be conversant with all kinds of literature; he is too busy with his law; and so a writer is commonly too busy with his own books to be able to bestow attention on the works of other people. After a day's work (in which I have been depicting, let us say, the agonies of Louisa on parting with the Captain, or the

atrocious behavior of the wicked Marquis to Lady Emily) I march to the Club, proposing to improve my mind and keep myself "posted up," as the Americans phrase it, with the literature of the day. And what happens? Given, a walk after luncheon, a pleasing book, and a most comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and you know the rest. A doze ensues. Pleasing book drops suddenly, is picked up once with an air of some confusion, is laid presently softly in lap; head falls on comfortable arm-chair cushion; eyes close; soft nasal music is heard. Am I telling Club secrets? Of afternoons, after lunch, I say, scores of sensible fogies have a doze. Perhaps I have fallen asleep over that very book to which "Finis" has just been written. "And if the writer sleeps, what happens to the readers—" says Jones, coming down upon me with his lightning wit. What? You *did* sleep over it? And a very good thing too. These eyes have more than once seen a friend dozing over pages which this hand has written. There is a vignette somewhere in one of my books of a friend so caught napping with *Pendennis* or the *Newcomes*, in his lap; and if a writer can give you a sweet, soothing, harmless sleep, has he not done you a kindness? So is the author who excites and interests you worthy of your thanks and benedictions. I am troubled with fever and ague, that seizes me at odd intervals and prostrates me for a day. There is cold fit, for which, I am thankful to say, hot brandy-and-water is prescribed, and this induces hot fit, and so on. In one or two of these fits I have read novels with the most fearful contentment of mind. Once, on the Mississippi, it was my dearly beloved *Jacob Faithful*; once at Frankfort O. M., the delightful *Vingt Ans Après* of Monsieur Dumas; once at Tunbridge Wells, the thrilling *Woman in White*; and these books gave me amusement from morning till sun-

set. I remember those ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed and a good novel for companion! No cares; no remorse about idleness; no visitors; and the *Woman in White* or the *Chevalier d'Artagnan* to tell me stories from dawn till night! "Please, ma'am, my master's compliments, and can he have the third volume?" (This message was sent to an astonished friend and neighbor, who lent me, volume by volume, the *W in W*.) How do you like your novels? I like mine strong, "hot with," and no mistake; no love making; no observations about society; little dialogue, except where the characters are bullying each other; plenty of fighting; and a villain in the cupboard, who is to suffer tortures just before *Finis*. I don't like your melancholy *Finis*. I never read the history of a consumptive heroine twice. If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer (as the *Examiner* used to say in old days), it would be to act, *not à la mode le pays de Pole* (I think that was the phraseology), but *always* to give quarter. In the story of Philip, just come to an end, I have the permission of the author to state that he was going to drown the two villains of the piece—a certain Doctor F—— and a certain Mr. T. H—— on board the "President," or some other tragic ship—but you see I relented. I pictured to myself Firmin's ghastly face amid the crowd of shuddering people on that reeling deck in the lonely ocean, and thought, "Thou ghastly lying wretch, thou shalt not be drowned: thou shalt have a fever only; a knowledge of thy danger; and a chance—ever so small a chance—of repentance." I wonder whether he *did* repent when he found himself in the yellow-fever, in Virginia? The probability is, he fancied that his son had injured him very much, and forgave him on his deathbed. Do you imagine there is a great deal

of genuine right-down remorse in the world? Don't people rather find excuses which make their minds easy; endeavor to prove to themselves that they have been lamentably belied and misunderstood; and try and forgive the persecutors who *will* present that bill when it is due; and not bear malice against the cruel ruffian who takes them to the police-office for stealing the spoons? Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, "Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving: for I was in the wrong." In the region which they now inhabit (for Finis has been set to the volumes of the lives of both here below), if they take any cognizance of our squabbles, and tittle-tattles, and gossips on earth here, I hope they admit that my little error was not of a nature unpardonable. If you have never committed a worse, my good sir, surely the score against you will not be heavy. Ha, *dilectissimi fratres!* It is in regard of sins *not* found out that we may say or sing (in an under-tone, in a most penitent and lugubrious minor key), *Miserere nobis miseris peccatoribus.*

Among the sins of commission which novel-writers not seldom perpetrate, is the sin of grandiloquence, or tall-talking, against which, for my part, I will offer up a special *libera me*. This is the sin of school-masters, governesses, critics, sermoners, and instructors of young or old people. Nay (for I am making a clean breast, and liberating my soul), perhaps of all the novel-spinners now extant, the present speaker is the most addicted to preaching. Does he not stop perpetually in his story

and begin to preach to you? When he ought to be engaged with business, is he not for ever taking the Muse by the sleeve, and plaguing her with some of his cynical sermons? I cry *peccavi* loudly and heartily. I tell you I would like to be able to write a story which should show no egotism whatever—in which there should be no reflections, no cynicism, no vulgarity (and so forth), but an incident in every other page, a villain, a battle, a mystery in every chapter. I should like to be able to feed a reader so spicily as to leave him hungering and thirsting for more at the end of every monthly meal.

Alexandre Dumas describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of the yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose and called for dinner. In those two days he had built his plot. He had moulded a mighty clay, to be cast presently in perennial brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus won't fly, so as to let me survey the field below me. He has no wings, he is blind of one eye certainly, he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be quiet. He never will show off when I want him. Sometimes he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that? Every man has remarked in dreams,

the vast dramatic power which is sometimes evinced; I won't say the surprising power, for nothing does surprise you in dreams. But those strange characters you meet make instant observations of which you never can have thought previously. In like manner, the imagination foretells things. We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style,—when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ? I have told you it was a very queer shock to me the other day when, with a letter of introduction in his hand, the artist's (not my) Philip Firmin walked into this room, and sat down in the chair opposite. In the novel of *Peudennis*, written ten years ago, there is an account of a certain Costigan, whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages), out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters. I was smoking in a tavern parlor one night—and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man—the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. “Sir,” said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions, “sir,” I said, “may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?” “*Bedad, ye may,*” says he, “*and I'll sing ye a song tu.*” Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army. In ten minutes he pulled out an Army Agent's account, whereon his name was written. A few months after we read of him in a police court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits. In the

world of spirits and water I know I did; but that is a mere quibble of words. I was not surprised when he spoke in an Irish brogue. I had had cognizance of him before somehow. Who has not felt that little shock which arises when a person, a place, some words in a book (there is always a collocation) present themselves to you, and you know that you have before met the same person, words, scene, and so forth?

They used to call the good Sir Walter the "Wizard of the North." What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchantingly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invents? What if Mignon, and Margaret, and Goetz von Berlichingen are alive now (though I don't say they are visible), and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leather Stocking were to slide silent in? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their moustaches? And dearest Amelia Booth, on Uncle Toby's arm; and Tittlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green; and all the Crummles company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troop; and Sir Roger de Coverley; and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight de La Mancha, with his blessed squire? I say to you, I look rather wistfully towards the window, musing upon these people. Were any of them to enter, I think I should not be very much frightened. Dear old friends, what pleasant hours I have had with them! We do not see each other very often, but when we do, we are ever happy to meet. I had a capital half hour with Jacob Faithful last night; when the last sheet was corrected, when "Finis" had been written, and the printer's boy, with the copy, was safe in Green Arbor Court.

So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last

scratches and corrections on the proof, and a fine flourish by way of Finis at the story's end. The last corrections? I say those last corrections seem never to be finished. A plague upon the weeds! Every day, when I walk in my own little literary garden-plot, I spy some, and should like to have a spud, and root them out. Those idle words, neighbor, are past remedy. That turning back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the ennui, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last; after which, behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.

—From *Roundabout Papers*.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Grover Cleveland's father was graduated from Yale in the early part of the last century, and became a Presbyterian minister. In 1837 he was stationed at Caldwell, Essex County, New Jersey, and there a son was born to him, christened Stephen Grover, for the minister who had preceded the Rev. Richard Cleveland in the Caldwell pastorage. The baby's grandfather was William Cleveland, a Connecticut watchmaker and silversmith, and the Clevelands were and are sturdy, honest, hard-working people. The baby's mother was Ann Neal, the daughter of an Irish bookseller and a German Quakeress. With Yankee Dutch and Irish blood in him, young Stephen Grover may be said to have all the advantages of a liberal ancestry in forming his character and career. In 1853, after the boy Grover had fought his way into the respect of the schoolboys at Fayetteville and Clinton in New York State, the family moved to Hollandpatent, where the father died, leaving the mother, Ann Neal Cleveland, with nine children to support. Grover was the fifth child. His school teacher described him as at that time a large, apple-cheeked boy, who paid enough attention to his books to keep up with the boys of his age, an out-of-doors boy who fished and swam, and trapped and hunted, and skated and lived on Limestone Creek as many hours a day as he could. Yet he came from a home where there were books, and he was always familiar with the things that attract cultivated people. These things he acquired by unconscious absorption; he was essentially masculine—lusty, ruddy, full-

blooded, close-knit, big-boned, and as virile as a young bull. He did not differ from the other boys of his town save in one thing—he always had a job. He clerked in a store for a time, and when his father died he went with his elder brother to New York City, and found work as teacher in an institution for the blind. When he was eighteen he borrowed twenty-five dollars from a family friend and set out for Cleveland, Ohio. He was attracted by the name of the town, and hoped to get a place there in some attorney's office. On his way to Cleveland he stopped to visit an uncle in Buffalo. The uncle was rich—for those days. He owned a fancy stock farm on an island in the Niagara River, and as he was compiling a Short-Horn Herd Book, he hired young Grover to help with the book, and the trip to Cleveland was abandoned. The uncle was a man of parts and consequence in Buffalo, and he put his nephew into one of the best law offices in the town. The youth was admitted to the bar in 1859, and four years later when he was twenty-four years old, he was made assistant district attorney of the county. The six formative years of his young manhood were spent in a city of one hundred thousand people, where he met men and women of force and character and attainment at his uncle's home and in the daily routine of his work in court. The best homes in Buffalo were open to him, but he could not be called a social butterfly. Indeed if he owned a dress suit before he went to Albany as governor, no one ever saw him wear it. He chose to live a man's life. He devoted his leisure hours to hunting and fishing, and was a familiar figure on the Niagara River in his fishing-boat. As soon as he could afford it, Cleveland left his uncle's home, and moved his traps to a bedroom over his law office. In those days he was a tall, burly, hard-faced, soft-voiced, but quick-spoken fellow, hard-headed, hard-living, hard-working, close-fisted, hon-

est, sturdy, manly. He had the young animal's desire to drink and to eat well. When he loafed, he loafed with men in clubs, and in the resorts and haunts of the young bachelors of the city. A man is said to be no stronger than his stomach, and Cleveland's stomach was as hard as his head and his face and his hand. Whatever he put in his stomach by night did not trouble him by day, but he never lost an opportunity to make the most of himself.

In the law he was a plodder. He won his cases by digging, not by inspiration. As assistant district attorney he became a good trial lawyer, but he was never an orator. He was a good talker because he knew his case. He impressed a jury with his passionate sincerity. The Irish in him led him into politics. He was nominated and defeated for district attorney, but he was prominent enough in the party organization to be one of the men consulted when any action was taken by his party in Erie County. In 1866 he became the head of the County Central Committee. Politics came to him as a duty of citizenship; the law was his occupation. He recognized the wisdom of saving, and started a bank account. Because it would help his bank account and keep him around the courts and in the atmosphere of the law, also because he was in politics deeply enough so that it came his way without much effort, Cleveland took the nomination for sheriff on the Democratic ticket and was elected. That was in 1870. When he came out of office, in 1874, he entered as a partner one of the most important law firms in northern New York. He was then a man formed, thirty-seven years old; unconsciously, unimaginatively brave; with an ox-like honesty, and with a great, hulking body which furnished unlimited power for a tireless brain lusting for work. This was the Cleveland who was a notable lawyer in his town, in his county, in his State. He made money, and saved some of it, though he

was cultivating an able-bodied man's love of good living. He was convivial on occasion, and at times he softened enough to be called sociable, and many men about town thought they knew him because he loafed with them when he wanted to loaf, and because in living his own life as he pleased to live it he met them and was merry with them on his way. But these men deceived themselves, for he was always apart from them; they were creatures of the play which amused him, but his real life they did not touch. He lived without romance, without sentiment; with few friends, but close ones; and save these few, all his relations with men and women in the world about him were business-like and commonplace transactions. He was straightforward, trustworthy, true. Probably he never wilfully deceived a human being in his life. But he deserves no special credit, for, with his heavy mental and moral equipment, deception is a jugglery which he would hardly be tempted to try. Cleveland might throw the hammer or put the shot, but he could never work a shell-game on man or woman.

Cleveland lived and waxed strong for nine years. He knew no master save an indomitable will, and his only guide was a conscience balanced on common sense and that sum of ancestral wisdom in action called integrity. His mind was not brilliant, nor his conscience poised on a knife edge; his life moved in a powerful current because it went simply and directly. He was full of the work in hand—stuffed full—mind and body and soul. His capacity for work was expanding, and his appetite grew with his increasing capacity. When there came a joy in working he was branded for a life of toil. After he reached that point it mattered little what the work was; he did what his hand found, and had small choice.

While Cleveland was growing in power, the people of the

country were passing into an epoch of mental and political unrest. The desire of men for a change is savage and unreasoning, but it is as strong as the force of a tide. The Republican party had been in power for sixteen years when the national impatience broke forth in the popular majority for Tilden. Hancock could not call the spirits from the vasty deep, but they were there nevertheless. After the defeat of Hancock and the unmistakable evidences of misgovernment which came to the surface in the campaign of that year and of the years following, after the faction fighting in New York and Pennsylvania had revealed the corruption there, and exposures of political villainy in the Star Route scandal and in other flagrant abuses of the public trust were startling the taxpayers all over the land, the people still impotent in their wrath were milling like a frenzied herd. The political air was charged with the electricity of protest. It needed only to gather into cyclonic form to become resistless. In 1882, while this storm was brewing, Cleveland was elected mayor of Buffalo by an unprecedented Democratic majority. The man was not magnetic in himself, yet he became a magnet which drew men to his cause.

As mayor of Buffalo he was a working machine, moved by an iron will, automatically following a conscience. He went at the work in the mayor's office as a new railroad manager goes at his, to clean out the dead timber and to give the stockholders the worth of their money. He had no paper ideals, no municipal schemes, no sort of policy to try on the city. He took the work as it came through his office every day, and measured it by one rule—to give a dollar's worth of value to the people for every dollar's worth of taxes spent. Every scrap of municipal business which wouldn't fit that rule he cast aside. His vetoes made him famous all over New York State. He was

plain-spoken. If he thought a proposition was a steal he said so, and he used short words. A robber was a robber, a thief a thief, and a sneak and a liar and a cheat wore no titles in the bright lexicon of Cleveland's veto messages. Naturally the people were pleased. Nothing wearies the flesh of the taxpayers so quickly as to find their servants putting in valuable time arranging rhetorical feather-beds for scoundrels to fall into. Also the people were tired of statesmen eternally saving the country with their veto-getting plans of salvation. What the people desired with a furious passion was a vigorous, uncompromising man without any plans, who would save the State from its statesmen. The times cried out for an obstructionist and young Grover Cleveland. And six months after he became mayor of Buffalo the Democratic party of his State whirled around him in a cyclone of enthusiasm and made him governor of New York. This enthusiasm the real man Cleveland could no more inspire than he could flit from flower to flower. Yet the people of his State, who had never seen him, who knew nothing of his personality, made governor of New York an ideal creature of their own conjuring who bore Grover Cleveland's name. But the real Cleveland went to Albany with almost no acquaintance with public men, without familiarity with the affairs of the State, with no constructive plan for running his administration and with no known capacity for the work before him. The only attribute common to the ideal Cleveland whom the people chose, and to the real Cleveland who took the office in 1883, was honesty—plain, unswerving honesty. But he was swept onward by the tidal power that was moving in the protesting hearts of the people. He became a man of destiny because he embodied the destiny of the people, the spirit of the times. He did not make the wave, he rose with it. The revolt against Republican rule was

brutal, unplanned—a barbaric yawp of disgust. Cleveland was that revolt in flesh and blood. He sat at his desk twelve or fourteen hours a day, a big man, rather logy in person, with a heavy German jaw, a nose with fight in it, a broad forehead, under which peered two pale blue eyes, guileless, inquiring eyes, like embers in a banked fire. He did not look the part of a statesman, hardly that of a governor. And when he took up the day's business, he did not try to direct or manage it. He took it as it came, and when there was a piece of work unfit, he threw it out without any manifestation of emotion, whether it was a party caucus measure or a private bill. Day after day, and month after month Grover Cleveland sat at his desk at Albany, measuring the work, selecting the good, rejecting the bad. At the end of the legislative session his veto pile was astonishingly large, and a number of gentlemen engaged in the gentle art of public larceny were amazingly mad. But the blue eyes of the big man at the desk did not bat under their sluggish lids; the heavy muscular hand went scratching away at its work; and the people did not know when it was time to cheer, for he gave them no sign. He worked this way for two years, with no sense of scenic effect, stage business, or curtain time. Occasionally he did a great thing, but he did it without any relation to anything else, and merely because it was part of the day's work. It was without climax, and sometimes passed without applause.

But it was all honest, and all true, and all brave in a perfectly impersonal sort of way, as a rock in a fortress is brave because it cannot realize danger nor avoid it. This spectacle was most remarkable in American political life. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. For two years, as governor of New York, Grover Cleveland stood the one strong, looming figure in the nation. The Democratic

party was chiefly chattering daws, and the Republicans were under the leadership of the brilliant, vacillating Blaine, whom they idolized. But the soul of the people was sick of politics, and was nauseated at all politicians. Cyclonic conditions prevailed everywhere. The electric spirit of protest against things as they were was so thick that sparks of profanity snapped from the conversation of mild-mannered men at the slightest irritation, and Cleveland had gathered the electricity of discontent from a wide area. When the tornado broke in the campaign and election of 1884, it took up Grover Cleveland, the Democratic candidate for President, and hurled him into the White House.

—From *McClure's Magazine*.

THE METHOD OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

The method of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode by which all phenomena are reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. There is no more difference, but there is just the same kind of difference, between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, and the operations of a chemist in performing a difficult and complex analysis by means of his balance and finely graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case, and the balance in the other, differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working; but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than the other, and, of course, turns by the addition of a much smaller weight.

You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, I dare say, that men of science work by means of induction and deduction, and that by the help of these operations, they, in a sort of sense, wring from nature certain other things, which are called natural laws, and causes, and that out of these, by some cunning skill of their own, they build up hypotheses and theories. And it is imagined that the operations of the common mind can be, by no means, compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words, you would think that the mind

of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow-men; but if you will not be frightened by terms, you will discover that you are quite wrong, and that all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourself every day and every hour of your lives.

There is a well-known incident in one of Molière's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on being told that he has been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust, that you will take comfort, and be delighted with yourselves, on the discovery that you have been acting on the principles of inductive and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one here who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though differing of course in degree, as that which a scientific man goes through in tracing the causes of natural phenomena.

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop wanting an apple—you take up one, and, on biting it, you find it is sour; you look at it, and see that it is hard and green. You take up another one, and that too is hard, green, and sour. The shopman offers you a third; but before biting it, you examine it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those that you have already tried.

Nothing can be more simple than that, you think; but if you will take the trouble to analyze and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place, you have performed the operation of induction. You found that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small

basis, but still it is enough to make an induction from; you generalize the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law, that all hard and green apples are sour; and that, so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, having got your natural law in this way, when you are offered another apple which you find is hard and green, you say, "All hard and green apples are sour; this apple is hard and green, therefore this apple is sour." That train of reasoning is what logicians call a syllogism, and has all its various parts and terms—its major premise, its minor premise, and its conclusion. And, by the help of further reasoning, which, if drawn out, would have to be exhibited in two or three other syllogisms, you arrive at your final determination, "I will not have that apple." So that, you see, you have, in the first place, established a law by induction, and upon that you have founded a deduction, and reasoned out the special conclusion of the particular case. Well, now, suppose, having got your law, that at some time afterwards, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend; you will say to him, "It is a very curious thing—but I find that all hard and green apples are sour!" Your friend says to you, "But how do you know that?" You at once reply, "Oh, because I have tried them over and over again, and have always found them to be so." Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an experimental verification. And, if still opposed, you go further, and say, "I have heard from the people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short, I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever attention has been directed to the subject." Whereupon, your friend, unless

he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps he does not know he believes it, that the more extensive verifications are, that the more frequently experiments have been made, and the results of the same kind arrived at—that the more varied the conditions under which the same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question no further. He sees that the experiment has been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result; and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it.

In science we do the same thing; the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though in a much more delicate manner. In scientific inquiry it becomes a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification, and to take care, moreover, that this is done intentionally, and not left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications. For instance, if you let go your grasp of an article you may have in your hand, it will immediately fall to the ground. That is a very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature—that of gravitation. The method by which men of science establish the existence of that law is exactly the same as that by which we have established the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough, and unhesitating manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time; and that is the strongest possible foundation on which any natural law can rest.

So much then, by way of proof, that the method of establishing laws in science is exactly the same as that pursued in common life. Let us now turn to another matter (though really it is but another phase of the same question) and that is, the method by which, from the relations of certain phenomena, we prove that some stand in the position of causes towards the others.

I want to put the case clearly before you, and I will therefore show you what I mean by another familiar example. I will suppose that one of you, on coming down in the morning to the parlor of your house, finds that a teapot and some spoons that had been left in the room on the previous evening are gone—the window is open, and you observe the mark of a dirty hand on the window-frame, and perhaps, in addition to that, you notice the impress of a hob-nailed shoe on the gravel outside. All these phenomena have struck your attention instantly, and before two seconds have passed, you say, “Oh, somebody has broken open the window, entered the room, and run off with the spoons and the teapot!” That speech is out of your mouth in a moment. You will probably add, “I know there has; I am quite sure of it!” You mean to say exactly what you know; but in reality you are giving expression to what is, in all essential particulars, an hypothesis. You do not *know* it at all; it is nothing but an hypothesis rapidly framed in your own mind! And it is an hypothesis founded on a long train of inductions and deductions.

What are these inductions and deductions, and how have you got at this hypothesis? You have observed, in the first place, that the window is open; but by a train of reasoning involving many inductions and deductions, you have probably arrived long before at the general law—and a very good one it is—that windows do not open of them-

selves; and you therefore conclude that something has opened the window. A second general law that you have arrived at in the same way is, that teapots and spoons do not go out of a window spontaneously, and you are satisfied that, as they are not now where you left them, they have been removed. In the third place, you look at the marks on the window sill, and the shoe marks outside, and you say that in all previous experience the former kind of mark has never been produced by anything else but the hand of a human being; and the same experience shows that no other animal but man at present wears shoes with hob-nails in them such as would produce the marks in the gravel. I do not know, even if we could discover any of those "Missing links" that are talked about, that they would help us to any other conclusion! At any rate the law which states our present experience is strong enough for my present purpose. You next reach the conclusion, that as these kinds of marks have not been left by any other animal than man, or are liable to be formed in any other way than by a man's hand and shoe, the marks in question have been formed by a man in that way. You have, further, a general law, founded on observation and experience, and that, too, is, I am sorry to say, a very universal and unimpeachable one—that some men are thieves; and you assume at once from all these premises—and that is what constitutes your hypothesis—that the man who made the marks outside and on the window sill, opened the window, got into the room, and stole your teapot and spoons. You have now arrived at a *Vera Causa*;—You have assumed a cause which it is plain is competent to produce all the phenomena you have observed. You can explain all these phenomena only by the hypothesis of a thief. But that is a hypothetical conclusion, of the justice of which you have no absolute proof at all; it is only ren-

dered highly probable by a series of inductive and deductive reasonings.

I suppose our first action, assuming that you are a man of ordinary common sense, and that you have established this hypothesis to your own satisfaction, will very likely be to go off for the police, and set them on the track of the burglar, with the view to the recovery of your property. But just as you are starting with this object, some person comes in, and on learning what you are about, says, "My good friend, you are going on a great deal too fast. How do you know that the man who really made the marks took the spoons? It might have been a monkey that took them, and the man may have merely looked in afterwards." You would probably reply, "Well, that is all very well, but you see it is contrary to all experience of the way teapots and spoons are abstracted; so that, at any rate, your hypothesis is less probable than mine." While you are talking the thing over in this way, another friend arrives, one of that good kind of people that I was talking of a little while ago. And he might say, "Oh, my dear sir, you are certainly going on a great deal too fast. You are most presumptuous. You admit that all these occurrences took place when you were fast asleep, at a time when you could not possibly have known anything about what was taking place. How do you know that the laws of nature are not suspended during the night? It may be that there has been some kind of supernatural interference in this case." In point of fact, he declares that your hypothesis is one of which you cannot at all demonstrate the truth, and that you are by no means sure that the laws of nature are the same when you are asleep as when you are awake.

Well, now, you cannot at the moment answer that kind of reasoning. You feel that your worthy friend has put you somewhat at a disadvantage. You will feel perfectly

convinced in your own mind, however, that you are quite right, and you will say to him, "My good friend, I can only be guided by the natural probabilities of the case, and if you will be kind enough to stand aside and permit me to pass, I will go and fetch the police." Well, we will suppose that your journey is successful, and that by good luck you meet with a policeman; that eventually the burglar is found with your property on his person, and the marks correspond to his hands and to his boots. Probably any jury would consider those facts a very good experimental verification of your hypothesis, touching the cause of the abnormal phenomena observed in your parlor, and would act accordingly.

Now, in this supposititious case, I have taken phenomena of a very common kind, in order that you might see what are the different steps in an ordinary process of reasoning, if you will only take the trouble to analyze it carefully. All the operations I have described, you will see, are involved in the mind of any man of sense in leading him to a conclusion as to the course he should take in order to make good a robbery and punish the offender. I say that you are led, in that case, to your conclusion by exactly the same train of reasoning as that which a man of science pursues when he is endeavoring to discover the origin and laws of the most occult phenomena. The process is, and always must be, the same; and precisely the same mode of reasoning was employed by Newton and Laplace in their endeavors to discover and define the causes of the movements of the heavenly bodies, as you, with your own common sense, would employ to detect a burglar. The only difference is, that the nature of the inquiry being more abstruse, every step has to be most carefully watched, so that there may not be a single crack or flaw in your hypothesis. A flaw or crack in many of the hypotheses of daily life may

be of little or no moment as affecting the general correctness of the conclusions at which we may arrive; but in a scientific inquiry a fallacy, great or small, is always of great importance, and is sure to be in the long run constantly productive of mischievous, if not fatal results.

Do not allow yourselves to be misled by the common notion that an hypothesis is untrustworthy simply because it is an hypothesis. It is often urged, in respect to some scientific conclusion, that, after all, it is only an hypothesis. But what more have we to guide us in nine-tenths of the most important affairs of daily life than hypotheses, and often very ill-based ones? So that in science, where the evidence of an hypothesis is subjected to the most rigid examination, we may rightly pursue the same course. You may have hypotheses and hypotheses. A man may say, if he likes, that the moon is made of green cheese; that is an hypothesis. But another man, who has devoted a great deal of time and attention to the subject, and availed himself of the most powerful telescopes and the results of the observations of others, declares that in his opinion it is probably composed of materials very similar to those of which our own earth is made up; and that is also only an hypothesis. But I need not tell you that there is an enormous difference in the value of the two hypotheses. That one which is based on sound scientific knowledge is sure to have a corresponding value; and that which is a mere hasty random guess is likely to have but little value. Every great step in our progress in discovering causes has been made in exactly the same way as that which I have detailed to you. A person observing the occurrence of certain facts and phenomena asks, naturally enough, what process, what kind of operation known to occur in nature applied to the particular case, will unravel and explain the mystery? Hence you have the scientific hypothesis; and its value will

be proportionate to the care and completeness with which its basis has been tested and verified. It is in these matters as in the commonest affairs of practical life: the guess of the fool will be folly, while the guess of the wise man will contain wisdom. In all cases, you see that the value of the result depends on the patience and faithfulness with which the investigator applies to his hypothesis every possible kind of verification.

—From *The Method of Scientific Investigation*.

ARGUMENTATION.

LETTER TO GENERAL McCLELLAN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *February 3, 1862.*

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN.

MY DEAR SIR: You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the army of the Potomac—yours to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across land to the terminus of the railroad on the York River; mine to move directly to a point southwest of Manassas.

If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions, I shall gladly yield my plan to yours.

First. Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine?

Second. Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?

Third. Wherein is a victory more valuable by your plan than mine?

Fourth. In fact, would it not be less valuable in this, that it would break no great line of the enemy's communications, while mine would?

Fifth. In case of a disaster, would not a retreat be more difficult by your plan than mine?

Yours truly,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE PRACTICABILITY OF UNION.

JAMES MADISON.

We have seen the necessity of the Union as our bulwark against foreign danger, as the conservator of peace among ourselves, as the guardian of our commerce and other common interests, as the only substitute for those military establishments which have subverted the liberties of the Old World, and as the proper antidote for the diseases of faction, which have proved fatal to other popular governments, and of which alarming symptoms have been betrayed by our own. All that remains, within this branch of our inquiries, is to take notice of an objection that may be drawn from the great extent of country which the Union embraces. A few observations on this subject will be the more proper, as it is perceived that the adversaries of the new Constitution are availing themselves of the prevailing prejudice, with regard to the practicable sphere of republican administration, in order to supply, by imaginary difficulties, the want of those solid objections, which they endeavor in vain to find.

The error which limits republican government to a narrow district has been unfolded and refuted in preceding papers. I remark here only that it seems to owe its rise and prevalence chiefly to the confounding of a republic with a democracy, applying to the former reasonings drawn from the nature of the latter. The true distinction between these forms was also adverted to on a former occasion. It is that in a democracy the people meet and exercise the government in person; in a republic they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. A

democracy, consequently, will be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region.

To this accidental source of the error may be added the artifice of some celebrated authors, whose writings have had a great share in forming the modern standard of political opinions. Being subjects either of an absolute or limited monarchy, they have endeavored to heighten the advantages, or palliate the evils, of those forms, by placing in comparison the vices and defects of the republican, and by citing as specimens of the latter the turbulent democracies of ancient Greece and modern Italy. Under the confusion of names, it has been an easy task to transfer to a republic observations applicable to a democracy only; and among others, the observation that it can never be established but among a small number of people, living within a small compass of territory.

Such a fallacy may have been the less perceived, as most of the popular governments of antiquity were of the democratic species; and even in modern Europe, to which we owe the great principle of representation, no example is seen of a government wholly popular, and founded, at the same time, wholly on that principle. If Europe has the merit of discovering this great mechanical power in government, by the simple agency of which the will of the largest political body may be centred and its force directed to any object which the public good requires, America can claim the merit of making the discovery the basis of unmixed and extensive republics. It is only to be lamented that any of her citizens should wish to deprive her of the additional merit of displaying its full efficacy in the establishment of the comprehensive system now under her consideration.

As the natural limit of a democracy is that distance from the central point which will just permit the most remote citizens to assemble as often as their public functions de-

mand, and will include no greater number than can join in those functions; so the natural limit of a republic is that distance from the centre which will barely allow the representatives to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said that the limits of the United States exceed that distance? It will not be said by those who recollect that the Atlantic Coast is the longest side of the Union; that during the term of thirteen years, the representatives of the States have been almost continually assembled; and that the members from the most distant States are not chargeable with greater intermissions of attendance than those from the States in the neighborhood of Congress.

That we may form a juster estimate with regard to this interesting subject, let us resort to the actual dimensions of the Union. The limits, as fixed by the treaty of peace, are, on the east the Atlantic, on the south the latitude of thirty-one degrees, on the west the Mississippi, and on the north an irregular line running in some instances beyond the forty-fifth degree, in others falling as low as the forty-second. The southern shore of Lake Erie lies below that latitude. Computing the distance between the thirty-first and forty-fifth degrees, it amounts to 973 common miles; computing it from thirty-one to forty-two degrees, to $764\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Taking the mean for the distance, the amount will be $868\frac{3}{4}$ miles. The mean distance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi does not probably exceed 750 miles. On a comparison of this extent with that of several countries in Europe, the practicability of rendering our system commensurate to it appears to be demonstrable. It is not a great deal larger than Germany, where a Diet, representing the whole empire, is continually assembled; or than Poland before the late dismemberment, where another national Diet was the depositary of the supreme

power. Passing by France and Spain, we find that in Great Britain, inferior as it may be in size, the representatives of the northern extremity of the island have as far to travel to the national council as will be required of those of the most remote parts of the Union.

Favorable as this view of the subject may be, some observations remain, which will place it in a light still more satisfactory.

In the first place it is to be remembered that the general government is not to be charged with the whole power of making and administering laws. Its jurisdiction is limited to certain enumerated objects, which concern all the members of the republic, but which are not to be attained by the separate provisions of any. The subordinate governments, which can extend their care to all those other objects which can be separately provided for, will retain their due authority and activity. Were it planned by the convention to abolish the governments of the particular States, its adversaries would have some ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show, that if they were abolished, the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

A second observation to be made is that the immediate object of the Federal Constitution is to secure the union of the Thirteen Primitive States, which we know to be practicable; and to add to them such other States as may arise in their own bosoms, or in their neighborhoods, which we cannot doubt to be equally practicable. The arrangements that may be necessary for those angles and fractions of our territory which lie on our northwestern frontier, must be left to those whom further discoveries and experience will render more equal to the task.

Let it be remarked, in the third place, that the inter-

course throughout the Union will be facilitated by new improvements. Roads will everywhere be shortened, and kept in better order; accommodations for travellers will be multiplied and meliorated; an interior navigation on our eastern side will be opened throughout, or nearly throughout, the whole extent of the Thirteen States. The communication between the western and Atlantic districts, and between different parts of each, will be rendered more and more easy, by those numerous canals with which the beneficence of nature has intersected our country, and which art finds it so little difficult to connect and complete.

A fourth, and still more important consideration, is that as almost every State will, on one side or other, be a frontier, and will thus find, in a regard to its safety, an inducement to make some sacrifices for the sake of the general protection; so the States which lie at the greatest distance from the heart of the Union, and which of course may partake least of the ordinary circulation of its benefits, will be at the same time immediately contiguous to foreign nations, and will consequently stand, on particular occasions, in greatest need of its strength and resources. It may be inconvenient for Georgia, or the States forming our western or northeastern borders, to send their representatives to the seat of government; but they would find it more so to struggle against an invading enemy, or even to support alone the whole expense of those precautions which may be dictated by the neighborhood of continual danger. If they should derive less benefit, therefore, from the Union in some respects, than the less distant States, they will derive greater benefit from it in other respects, and thus the proper equilibrium will be maintained throughout.

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good-sense which has so often

marked your decisions will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scene into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you.

—From *The Federalist*, No. XIV.

SECTIONALISM AND THE DOCTRINE OF EQUALITY.—I.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

Now, let me ask you whether the country has any interest in sustaining this organization, known as the Republican party. That party is unlike all other political organizations in this country. All other parties have been national in their character,—have avowed their principles alike in the Slave and Free States, in Kentucky as well as Illinois, in Louisiana as well as in Massachusetts. Such was the case with the old Whig party, and such was and is the case with the Democratic party. Whigs and Democrats could proclaim their principles boldly and fearlessly in the North and in the South, in the East and in the West, wherever the Constitution ruled, and the American flag waved over American soil.

But now you have a sectional organization, a party which appeals to the Northern section of the Union against the Southern, a party which appeals to Northern passion, Northern pride, Northern ambition and Northern prejudices, against Southern people, the Southern States and Southern institutions. The leaders of that party hope that they will be able to unite the Northern States in one great sectional party; and inasmuch as the North is the stronger section, that they will thus be enabled to out-vote, conquer, govern and control the South. Hence you find that they now make speeches advocating principles and measures which cannot be defended in any slaveholding State of this Union. Is there a Republican residing in Galesburg who can travel into Kentucky and carry his principles with him across the Ohio? What

Republican from Massachusetts can visit the Old Dominion without leaving his principles behind him when he crosses Mason and Dixon's line? Permit me to say to you in perfect good humor, but in all sincerity, that no political creed is sound which cannot be proclaimed fearlessly in every State of this Union where the Federal Constitution is the supreme law of the land. Not only is this Republican party unable to proclaim its principles alike in the North and South, in the Free States and in the Slave States, but it cannot even proclaim them in the same forms and give them the same strength and meaning in all parts of the same State. My friend Lincoln finds it extremely difficult to manage a debate in the central part of the State, where there is a mixture of men from the North and the South. In the extreme northern part of Illinois he can proclaim as bold and radical Abolitionism as ever Giddings, Lovejoy, or Garrison enunciated; but when he gets down a little further south he claims that he is an old line Whig, a disciple of Henry Clay, and declares that he still adheres to the old line Whig creed, and has nothing whatever to do with Abolitionism, or negro equality, or negro citizenship. I once before hinted this to Mr. Lincoln in a public speech and at Charleston he defied me to show that there was any difference between his speeches in the North and in the South, and that they were not in strict harmony. I will now call your attention to two of them, and you can then say whether you would be apt to believe that the same man ever uttered both. In a speech in reply to me at Chicago in July last, Mr. Lincoln, in speaking of the equality of the negro with the white man, used the following language:

"I should like to know, if, taking this old Declaration of Independence, which declares that all men are equal upon principle, and making exceptions to it, where will it stop? If one

man says it does not mean a negro, why may not another man say it does not mean another man? If the Declaration is not the truth, let us get the statute book in which we find it, and tear it out. Who is so bold as to do it? If it is not true, let us tear it out."

You find that Mr. Lincoln there proposed that if the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, declaring all men to be born equal, did not include the negro and put him on an equality with the white man, that we should take the statute book and tear it out. He there took the ground that the negro race is included in the Declaration of Independence as the equal of the white race, and that there could be no such thing as a distinction in the races, making one superior and the other inferior. I read now from the same speech:

"My friends (he says), I have detained you about as long as I desire to do, and I have only to say, let us discard all this quibbling about this man and the other man, this race and that race and the other race being inferior, and therefore they must be placed in an inferior position, discarding our standard that we have left us. Let us discard all these things, and unite as one people throughout this land, until we shall once more stand up declaring that all men are created equal."

["That's right," etc.]

Yes, I have no doubt that you think it is right; but the Lincoln men down in Coles, Tazewell, and Sangamon counties *do not* think it is right. In the conclusion of the same speech, talking to the Chicago Abolitionists, he said: "I leave you, hoping that the lamp of liberty will burn in your bosoms until there shall no longer be a doubt that all men are created free and equal." ["Good, good."] Well, you say good to that, and you are going to vote for Lincoln because he holds that doctrine. I will not blame you for supporting him on that ground, but I

will show you, in immediate contrast with that doctrine, what Mr. Lincoln said down in Egypt in order to get votes in that locality, where they do not hold to such a doctrine. In a joint discussion between Mr. Lincoln and myself, at Charleston, I think, on the 18th of the last month, Mr. Lincoln, referring to this subject, used the following language:

“I will say then that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races; that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters of the free negroes, or jurors, or qualifying them to hold office, or having them to marry with white people. I will say, in addition, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which, I suppose, will forever forbid the two races living together upon terms of social and political equality; and inasmuch as they cannot so live, that while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior, that I as much as any other man am in favor of the superior position being assigned to the white man.”

[“Good for Lincoln.”]

Fellow-citizens, here you find men hurrahing for Lincoln, and saying that he did right, when in one part of the State he stood up for negro equality, and in another part, for political effect, discarded the doctrine, and declared that there always must be a superior and inferior race. Abolitionists up North are expected and required to vote for Lincoln because he goes for the equality of the races, holding that by the Declaration of Independence the white man and the negro were created equal, and endowed by the divine law with that equality, and down South he tells the old Whigs, the Kentuckians, Virginians, and Tennesseans, that there is a physical difference in the races, making one superior and the other inferior, and that he is in favor of maintaining the superiority of the

white race over the negro. Now, how can you reconcile those two positions of Mr. Lincoln? He is to be voted for in the South as a pro-slavery man, and he is to be voted for in the North as an Abolitionist. Up here he thinks it is all nonsense to talk about a difference between the races, and says that we must "discard all quibbling about this race and that race and the other race being inferior, and therefore they must be placed in an inferior position." Down South he makes this "quibble" about this race and that race and the other race being inferior as the creed of his party, and declares that the negro can never be elevated to the position of the white man.

Thus you find that Mr. Lincoln's creed cannot travel through even one-half of the counties of this State, but that it changes its hues and becomes lighter and lighter as it travels from the extreme north, until it is nearly white when it reaches the extreme south end of the State.

I ask you, my friends, why cannot Republicans avow their principles alike everywhere? I would despise myself if I thought that I was procuring your votes by concealing my opinions, and by avowing one set of principles in one part of the State, and a different set in another part. If I do not truly and honorably represent your feelings and principles, then I ought not to be your Senator; and I will never conceal my opinions, or modify or change them a hair's breadth, in order to get votes. I tell you that this Chicago doctrine of Lincoln's—declaring that the negro and the white man are made equal by the Declaration of Independence and by Divine Providence—is a monstrous heresy. The signers of the Declaration of Independence never dreamed of the negro when they were writing that document. They referred to white men, to men of European birth, and European descent,

when they declared the equality of all men. I see a gentleman there in the crowd shaking his head. Let me remind him that when Thomas Jefferson wrote that document, he was the owner, and so continued until his death, of a large number of slaves. Did he intend to say in that Declaration that his negro slaves, which he held and treated as property, were created his equals by divine law, and that he was violating the law of God every day of his life by holding them as slaves? It must be borne in mind that when that Declaration was put forth, all of the thirteen Colonies were slaveholding Colonies, and every man who signed that instrument represented a slaveholding constituency. Recollect, also, that no one of them emancipated his slaves, much less put them on an equality with himself, after he signed the Declaration. On the contrary, they all continued to hold their negroes as slaves during the Revolutionary War. Now, do you believe—are you willing to have it said—that every man who signed the Declaration of Independence declared the negro his equal, and then was hypocrite enough to continue to hold him as a slave, in violation of what he believed to be the divine law? And yet when you say that the Declaration of Independence includes the negro, you charge the signers of it with hypocrisy.

I say to you, frankly, that in my opinion this government was made by our fathers on the white basis. It was made by white men for the benefit of white men and their posterity forever, and was intended to be administered by white men in all time to come. But while I hold that under our Constitution and political system the negro is not a citizen, cannot be a citizen, and ought not to be a citizen, it does not follow by any means that he should be a slave. On the contrary, it does follow that the negro, as an inferior race, ought to possess every right,

every privilege, every immunity, which he can safely exercise, consistent with the safety of the society in which he lives. Humanity requires, and Christianity commands, that you shall extend to every inferior being, and every dependent being, all the privileges, immunities, and advantages which can be granted to them, consistent with the safety of society. If you ask me the nature and extent of these privileges, I answer that that is a question which the people of each State must decide for themselves. Illinois has decided that question for herself. We have said that in this State the negro shall not be a slave, nor shall he be a citizen. Kentucky holds a different doctrine. New York holds one different from either, and Maine one different from all. Virginia, in her policy on this question, differs in many respects from the others, and so on, until there are hardly two States whose policy is exactly alike in regard to the relation of the white man and the negro. Nor can you reconcile them and make them alike. Each State must do as it pleases. Illinois had as much right to adopt the policy which we have on that subject as Kentucky had to adopt a different policy. The great principle of this government is, that each State has the right to do as it pleases on all these questions, and no other State or power on earth has the right to interfere with us, or complain of us merely because our system differs from theirs.

—From *The Fifth Lincoln-Douglas Debate*.

SECTIONALISM AND THE DOCTRINE OF
EQUALITY.—II.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Judge has alluded to the Declaration of Independence, and insisted that negroes are not included in that Declaration; and that it is a slander upon the framers of that instrument to suppose that negroes were meant therein; and he asks you: Is it possible to believe that Mr. Jefferson, who penned the immortal paper, could have supposed himself applying the language of that instrument to the negro race, and yet hold a portion of that race in slavery? Would he not at once have freed them? I only have to remark upon this part of the Judge's speech (and that, too, very briefly, for I shall not detain myself, or you, upon that point for any great length of time), that I believe the entire records of the world, from the date of the Declaration of Independence up to within three years ago, may be searched in vain for one single affirmation, from one single man, that the negro was not included in the Declaration of Independence; I think I may defy Judge Douglas to show that he ever said so, that Washington ever said so, that any President ever said so, that any member of Congress ever said so, or that any living man upon the whole earth ever said so, until the necessities of the present policy of the Democratic party, in regard to slavery, had to invent that affirmation. And I will remind Judge Douglas and his audience that while Mr. Jefferson was the owner of slaves, as undoubtedly he was, in speaking upon this very subject he used the strong language that "he trembled for

his country when he remembered that God was just"; and I will offer the highest premium in my power to Judge Douglas if he will show me that he in all his life ever uttered a sentiment at all akin to that of Jefferson.

Now a few words in regard to these extracts from speeches of mine which Judge Douglas has read to you, and which he supposes are in very great contrast to each other. Those speeches have been before the public for a considerable time, and if they have an inconsistency in them, if there is any conflict in them, the public have been able to detect it. When the Judge says, in speaking on this subject, that I make speeches of one sort for the people of the northern end of the State, and of a different sort for the southern people, he assumes that I do not understand that my speeches will be put in print and read north and south. I knew all the while that the speech that I made at Chicago and the one I made at Jonesboro and the one at Charleston, would all be put in print, and all the reading and intelligent men in the community would see them and know all about my opinions. And I have not supposed, and do not now suppose, that there is any conflict whatever between them. But the Judge will have it that if we do not confess that there is a sort of inequality between the white and black races which justifies us in making them slaves, we must then insist that there is a degree of equality that requires us to make them our wives. Now, I have all the while taken a broad distinction in regard to that matter; and that is all there is in these different speeches which he arrays here; and the entire reading of either of the speeches will show that that distinction was made. Perhaps by taking two parts of the same speech he could have got up as much of a conflict as the one he has found.

I have all the while maintained that in so far as it should be insisted that there was an equality between the white and black races that should produce a perfect social and political equality, it was an impossibility. This you have seen in my printed speeches and with it I have said that in their right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," as proclaimed in that old Declaration, the inferior races are our equals. And these declarations I have constantly made in reference to the abstract moral question, to contemplate and consider when we are legislating about any new country which is not already cursed with the actual presence of the evil,—slavery. I have never manifested any impatience with the necessities that spring from the actual presence of black people amongst us, and the actual existence of slavery amongst us where it does already exist; but I have insisted that, in legislating for new countries where it does not exist, there is no just rule other than that of moral and abstract right! With reference to those new countries, those maxims as to the right of a people to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" were the just rules to be constantly referred to. There is no misunderstanding this, except by men interested to misunderstand it. I take it that I have to address an intelligent and reading community, who will peruse what I say, weigh it, and then judge whether I advance improper or unsound views, or whether I advance hypocritical, and deceptive, and contrary views in different portions of the country. I believe myself to be guilty of no such thing as the latter, though, of course, I cannot claim that I am entirely free from all error in the opinions I advance.

The Judge has also detained us awhile in regard to the distinction between his party and our party. His he assumes to be a national party,—ours a sectional one. He does this in asking the question whether this country

has any interest in the maintenance of the Republican party? He assumes that our party is altogether sectional, that the party to which he adheres is national, and the argument is, that no party can be a rightful party—can be based upon rightful principles—unless it can announce its principles everywhere. I presume that Judge Douglas could not go into Russia and announce the doctrine of our National Democracy; he could not denounce the doctrine of kings and emperors and monarchies in Russia; and it may be true of this country that in some places we may not be able to proclaim a doctrine as clearly true as the truth of Democracy, because there is a section so directly opposed to it that they will not tolerate us in doing so. Is it the true test of the soundness of a doctrine that in some places people won't let you proclaim it? Is that the way to test the truth of any doctrine? Why, I understood that at one time the people of Chicago would not let Judge Douglas preach a certain favorite doctrine of his. I commend to his consideration the question, whether he takes that as a test of the unsoundness of what he wanted to preach.

There is another thing to which I wish to ask attention for a little while on this occasion. What has always been the evidence brought forward to prove that the Republican party is a sectional party? The main one was that in the Southern portion of the Union the people did not let the Republicans proclaim their doctrines amongst them. That has been the main evidence brought forward,—that they had no supporters, or substantially none, in the Slave States. The South have not taken hold of our principles as we announce them; nor does Judge Douglas now grapple with those principles. We have a Republican State Platform, laid down in Springfield in June last, stating our position all the way through the questions before the country. We are now far ad-

vanced in this canvass. Judge Douglas and I have made perhaps forty speeches apiece, and we have now for the fifth time met face to face in debate, and up to this day I have not found either Judge Douglas or any friend of his taking hold of the Republican platform, or laying his finger upon anything in it that is wrong. I ask you all to recollect that. Judge Douglas turns away from the platform of principles to the fact that he can find people somewhere who will not allow us to announce those principles. If he had great confidence that our principles were wrong, he would take hold of them and demonstrate them to be wrong. But he does not do so. The only evidence he has of their being wrong is in the fact that there are people who won't allow us to preach them. I ask again, is that the way to test the soundness of a doctrine?

I ask his attention also to the fact that by the rule of nationality he is himself fast becoming sectional. I ask his attention to the fact that his speeches would not go as current now south of the Ohio River as they have formerly gone there. I ask his attention to the fact that he felicitates himself to-day that all the Democrats of the Free States are agreeing with him, while he omits to tell us that the Democrats of any Slave State agree with him. If he has not thought of this, I commend to his consideration the evidence in his own declaration, on this day, of his becoming sectional too. I see it rapidly approaching. Whatever may be the result of this ephemeral contest between Judge Douglas and myself, I see the day rapidly approaching when this pill of Sectionalism, which he has been thrusting down the throats of Republicans for years past, will be crowded down his own throat

—From *The Fifth Lincoln-Douglas Debate*.

THE REAL ISSUE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I have stated upon former occasions, and I may as well state again, what I understand to be the real issue in this controversy between Judge Douglas and myself. On the point of my wanting to make war between the Free and the Slave States, there has been no issue between us. So, too, when he assumes that I am in favor of introducing a perfect social and political equality between the white and black races. These are false issues, upon which Judge Douglas has tried to force the controversy. There is no foundation in truth for the charge that I maintain either of these propositions. The real issue in this controversy—the one pressing upon every mind—is the sentiment on the part of one class that looks upon the institution of slavery *as a wrong*, and of another class that *does not* look upon it as a wrong. The sentiment that contemplates the institution of slavery in this country as a wrong is the sentiment of the Republican party. It is the sentiment around which all their actions, all their arguments, circle, from which all their propositions radiate. They look upon it as being a moral, social, and political wrong; and while they contemplate it as such, they nevertheless have due regard for its actual existence among us, and the difficulties of getting rid of it in any satisfactory way, and to all the constitutional obligations thrown about it. Yet, having a due regard for these they desire a policy in regard to it that looks to its not creating any more danger. They insist that it should, as far as may be, *be treated* as a wrong; and one of the methods of treating it

as a wrong is to *make provision that it shall grow no larger*. They also desire a policy that looks to a peaceful end of slavery at some time, as being wrong. These are the views they entertain in regard to it as I understand them; and all their sentiments, all their arguments and propositions, are brought within this range. I have said, and I repeat it here, that if there be a man amongst us who does not think that the institution of slavery is wrong in any one of the aspects of which I have spoken, he is misplaced, and ought not to be with us. And if there be a man amongst us who is so impatient of it as a wrong as to disregard its actual presence amongst us and the difficulty of getting rid of it suddenly in a satisfactory way, and to disregard the constitutional obligations thrown about it, that man is misplaced if he is on our platform. We disclaim sympathy with him in practical action. He is not placed properly with us.

On this subject of treating it as a wrong, and limiting its spread, let me say a word. Has anything ever threatened the existence of this Union save and except this very institution of slavery? What is it that we hold most dear amongst us? Our own liberty and prosperity. What has ever threatened our liberty and prosperity, save and except this institution of slavery? If this is true, how do you propose to improve the condition of things by enlarging slavery,—spreading it out and making it bigger? You may have a wen or cancer upon your person, and not able to cut it out, lest you bleed to death; but surely it is no way to cure it, to engraft it and spread it over your whole body. That is no proper way of treating what you regard a wrong. You see this peaceful way of dealing with it as a wrong,—restricting the spread of it, and not allowing it to go into new countries where it has not already existed. That is the peaceful way, the

old-fashioned way, the way in which the fathers themselves set us the example.

On the other hand, I have said there is a sentiment which treats it as *not* being wrong. That is the Democratic sentiment of this day. I do not mean to say that every man who stands within that range positively asserts that it is right. That class will include all who positively assert that it is right, and all who, like Judge Douglas, treat it as indifferent, and do not say it is either right or wrong. These two classes of men fall within the general class of those who do not look upon it as a wrong. And if there be among you anybody who supposes that he, as a Democrat, can consider himself "as much opposed to slavery as anybody," I would like to reason with him. You never treat it as a wrong. What other thing that you consider as a wrong do you deal with as you deal with that? Perhaps you *say* it is wrong, *but your leader never does, and you quarrel with anybody who says it is wrong.* Although you pretend to say so yourself, you can find no fit place to deal with it as a wrong. You must not say anything about it in the Free States, *because it is not here.* You must not say anything about it in the Slave States, *because it is there.* You must not say anything about it in the pulpit, because that is religion, and has nothing to do with it. You must not say anything about it in politics, *because that will disturb the security of "my place."* There is no place to talk about it as being a wrong, although you say yourself it is a wrong. But, finally, you will screw yourself up to the belief that if the people of the Slave States should adopt a system of gradual emancipation on the slavery question, you would be in favor of it. You would be in favor of it. You say that is getting it in the right place, and you would be glad to see it succeed. But you are deceiving yourself. You

all know that Frank Blair and Gratz Brown, down there in St. Louis, undertook to introduce that system in Missouri. They fought as valiantly as they could for the system of gradual emancipation which you pretend you would be glad to see succeed. Now, I will bring you to the test. After a hard fight they were beaten, and when the news came over here, you threw up your hats and *hurrahed for Democracy*. More than that, take all the argument made in favor of the system you have proposed, and it carefully excludes the idea that there is anything wrong in the institution of slavery. The arguments to sustain that policy carefully excluded it. Even here today you hear Judge Douglas quarrel with me because I uttered a wish that it might some time come to an end. Although Henry Clay could say he wished every slave in the United States was in the country of his ancestors, I am denounced by those pretending to respect Henry Clay for uttering a wish that it might some time, in some peaceful way, come to an end. The Democratic policy in regard to that institution will not tolerate the merest breath, the slightest hint, of the least degree of wrong about it. Try it by some of Judge Douglas's arguments. He says he "don't care whether it is voted up or voted down" in the Territories. I do not care myself, in dealing with that expression, whether it is intended to be expressive of his individual sentiments on the subject, or only of the national policy he desires to have established. It is alike valuable for my purpose. Any man can say that who does not see anything wrong in slavery; but no man can logically say it who does see a wrong in it, because no man can logically say he don't care whether a wrong is voted up or voted down. He may say he don't care whether an indifferent thing is voted up or down, but he must logically have a choice between a right thing and a wrong thing.

He contends that whatever community wants slaves has a right to have them. So they have, if it is not a wrong. But if it is a wrong, he cannot say people have a right to do wrong. He says that upon the score of equality, slaves should be allowed to go in a new Territory, like other property. This is strictly logical if there is no difference between it and other property. If it and other property are equal, his argument is entirely logical. But if you insist that one is wrong and the other right, there is no use to institute a comparison between right and wrong. You may turn over everything in the Democratic policy from beginning to end, whether in the shape it takes on the statute book, in the shape it takes in the Dred Scott decision, in the shape it takes in conversation, or the shape it takes in short maxim-like arguments,—it everywhere carefully excludes the idea that there is anything wrong in it.

That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country, when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says: "You work and toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it." No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle.

—From *The Seventh Lincoln-Douglas Debate*.

ON THE TRAGEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

CHARLES LAMB.

It may seem a paradox, but I cannot help being of opinion that the plays of Shakespeare are less calculated for performance on a stage than those of almost any other dramatist whatever. Their distinguishing excellence is a reason that they should be so. There is so much in them, which comes not under the province of acting, with which eye, and tone, and gesture have nothing to do.

The glory of the scenic art is to personate passion, and the turns of passion; and the more coarse and palpable the passion is, the more hold upon the eyes and ears of the spectators the performer obviously possesses. For this reason, scolding scenes, scenes where two persons talk themselves into a fit of fury, and then in a surprising manner talk themselves out of it again, have always been the most popular upon our stage. And the reason is plain, because the spectators are here most palpably appealed to, they are the proper judges in this war of words, they are the legitimate ring that should be formed round such "intellectual prize-fighters." Talking is the direct object of the imitation here. But in all the best dramas, and in Shakespeare above all, how obvious it is, that the form of *speaking*, whether it be in soliloquy or dialogue, is only a medium, and often a highly artificial one, for putting the reader or spectator into possession of that knowledge of the inner structure and workings of mind in a character which he could otherwise never have arrived at *in that form of composition* by any gift short of intuition. We do here as we do with novels written in the *epistolary form*. How many improprieties, perfect solecisms in letter-writing, do

we put up with in *Clarissa* and other books, for the sake of the delight which that form upon the whole gives us!

But the practice of stage representation reduces everything to a controversy of elocution. Every character, from the boisterous blasphemings of Bajazet to the shrinking timidity of womanhood, must play the orator. The love dialogues of *Romeo and Juliet*, those silver-sweet sounds of lovers' tongues by night! the more intimate and sacred sweetness of nuptial colloquy between an *Othello* or a *Posthumus* with their married wives, all these delicacies which are so delightful in the reading, as when we read of those youthful dalliances in *Paradise*—

“As besee'm'd
Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone;”

by the inherent fault of stage-representation, how are these things sullied and turned from their very nature by being exposed to a large assembly; when such speeches as *Imogen* addresses to her lord come drawling out of the mouth of a hired actress, whose courtship, though nominally addressed to the personated *Posthumus*, is manifestly aimed at the spectators, who are to judge of her endearments and her returns of love!

The character of *Hamlet* is perhaps that by which, since the days of *Betterton*, a succession of popular performers have had the greatest ambition to distinguish themselves. The length of the part may be one of their reasons. But for the character itself, we find it in a play, and therefore we judge it a fit subject of dramatic representation. The play itself abounds in maxims and reflections beyond any other, and therefore we consider it as a proper vehicle for conveying moral instruction. But *Hamlet* himself—what does he suffer meanwhile by being dragged forth as the

public schoolmaster, to give lectures to the crowd! Why, nine parts in ten of what Hamlet does are transactions between him and his moral sense; they are the effusions of his solitary musings, which he retires to holes and corners and the most sequestered parts of the palace to pour forth; or rather, they are the silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting, reduced to *words* for the sake of the reader, who must else remain ignorant of what is passing there. These profound sorrows, these light-and-noise-aborring ruminations, which the tongue scarce dares utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor, who comes and mouths them out before an audience, making four hundred people his confidants at once! I say not that it is the fault of the actor so to do; he must pronounce them *oro rotundo*; he must accompany them with his eye; he must insinuate them into his auditory by some trick of eye, tone or gesture, or he fails. *He must be thinking all the while of his appearance, because he knows that all the while the spectators are judging of it.* And that is the way to represent the shy, negligent, retiring Hamlet!

It is true that there is no other method of conveying a vast quantity of thought and feeling to a great portion of the audience, who otherwise would never learn it for themselves by reading, and the intellectual acquisition gained this way may, for aught I know, be inestimable; but I am not arguing that Hamlet should not be acted, but how much Hamlet is made another thing by being acted. I have heard much of the wonders which Garrick performed in this part; but as I never saw him, I must have leave to doubt whether the representation of such a character came within the province of his art. Those who tell me of him, speak of his eye, of the magic of his eye, and of his commanding voice: physical properties vastly desirable in an actor, and without which he can never insinuate meaning

into an auditory,—but what have they to do with Hamlet; what have they to do with intellect? In fact, the things aimed at in theatrical representation, are to arrest the spectator's eye upon the form and the gesture, and so to gain a more favorable hearing to what is spoken: it is not what the character is, but how he looks; not what he says, but how he speaks it. I see no reason to think that if the play of Hamlet were written over again by some such writer as Banks or Lillo, retaining the process of the story, but totally omitting all the poetry of it, all the divine features of Shakespeare, his stupendous intellect; and only taking care to give us enough of passionate dialogue, which Banks or Lillo were never at a loss to furnish; I see not how the effect could be much different upon an audience, nor how the actor has it in his power to represent Shakespeare to us differently from his representation of Banks or Lillo. Hamlet would still be a youthful accomplished prince, and must be gracefully personated; he might be puzzled in his mind, wavering in his conduct, seemingly cruel to Ophelia; he might see a ghost, and start at it, and address it kindly when he found it to be his father; all this in the poorest and most homely language of the servilest creeper after nature that ever consulted the palate of an audience; without troubling Shakespeare for the matter: and I see not but there would be room for all the power which an actor has, to display itself. All the passions and changes of passion might remain: for those are much less difficult to write or act than is thought; it is a trick easy to be attained, it is but rising or falling a note or two in the voice, a whisper with a significant foreboding look to announce its approach, and so contagious the counterfeit appearance of any emotion is, that let the words be what they will, the look and tone shall carry it off, and make it pass for deep skill in the passions.

—From *Essays of Elia*.

MIDDLE AND DISTANCE RUNNING.

CHARLES E. HAMMETT.

Is middle and distance running as practised in our schools and colleges injurious or is it not? The verdict of spectators at an intercollegiate or interscholastic track meet, as the contestants cross the finish line frequently exhibiting every evidence of exhaustion, would probably be in the affirmative. It is difficult for them to resist the belief that a contest which so drains a man of his strength must, of necessity, use up vitality that can never be completely restored, must permanently weaken the heart, and perhaps injuriously affect him in other respects. This investigation was undertaken in the hope of ascertaining whether there is adequate foundation for such a belief.

In an experience extending over fifteen years, the writer has attended many track meets, has known personally hundreds of runners, has time and again questioned them in regard to their personal experience. Curiously enough, he has never found a single man who would admit that he had been injured by racing. The incompatibility between the positive assertions of these men and the popular impression as to the effects of distance running was so pronounced, and the subject is such an important one in its relation to school boys and college men, that an investigation became imperative. The investigation does not deal with the marathon running of the present day, but solely with the distances usually run in school and college—one half to two miles and cross-country seven miles.

Athletes from all parts of the country have been consulted, principally men who quit running years ago, and

who have had ample time to note in their own persons the after effects of the training they underwent; men whose youthful enthusiasm has been sobered by years of business or professional life and whose judgment is therefore to be respected. Some of them quit running thirty years ago; others twenty-six, twenty-four, eighteen, twelve, etc. A few are still running, only eight in all. Seven have just quit, nine stopped a year ago and the great majority from two to thirty years ago, averaging eight and a half years. Nearly one half of the whole number ran for five or more years, training five to six days a week in two groups, one group averaging twenty-six weeks a year, the other ten weeks. Many trained six days a week, thirty to forty weeks a year. These men have been allowed to speak for themselves, first as to facts, i. e., the manner in which they have been affected by their running; second as to their opinions, i. e., whether or not they consider distance racing and cross-country running safe and valuable forms of exercise. The facts to which they testify must be considered as final; the opinions they express, even if not accepted as conclusive, must be of greater value than opinions based merely upon theory, for they are the incarnation of living experience, formed through days, weeks and months of hard, grueling work, through knowledge of the manner in which their team mates bore the drudgery of training and the strain of contest, and shaped finally by their own physical condition during the years which have elapsed since they ran.

Injuries to the Heart.—In view of the general belief that running is apt to injure the heart, particular attention was given to this phase of the question. Contrary to expectation, permanent injury to the heart was found to be very rare, only three men testifying to this effect, and in these three cases the injury manifests itself only in unusual exer-

tion. Twelve others developed functional heart affections, irregularity, palpitation, etc. Further correspondence with these men shows that all of these functional irregularities have been entirely cured. Ten of these fifteen men had what is known as "athlete's heart," three of the cases persisting to this day, as stated above.

Generally speaking, the term "athlete's heart" is very vaguely comprehended. In medicine it is defined as compensatory cardiac hypertrophy—that is to say, it defines a heart which although it has become enlarged, still performs its functions perfectly. Such a heart is normal in an athlete or in any man who performs vigorous physical exercise, the fibers growing firmer and larger as the demands upon the organ increase, just as a man's muscles grow firmer and larger under a month's outing in the woods. In almost every instance a heart of this type will shrink to approximately its former size without injury to its tissues, after the exercise has been discontinued. When, however, a man pushes his exercise too far, his heart may develop valvular irregularity, and I am inclined to believe this is what the ordinary physician means when he tells a man that he has an "athlete's heart." This was so in most of the cases mentioned above; nevertheless, all but three of the men have since been cured. "Athlete's heart" is usually a temporary condition, and permanent injury from overwork is rarely found. In an experience with school boys in all branches of athletics extending over a period of fifteen years, I have met with but one case of true "athlete's heart," and this boy's physician told him that if he would abstain from violent exercise for six months he would be entirely cured. This heart affection was brought about by two years of hard training for the mile, beginning at an early age. This case, together with the free expression of opinion from athletes to whom this inquiry was

addressed, strengthens my convictions that unless a boy is unusually well developed, he should not take up distance running in earnest until eighteen years of age, and leads me to believe, furthermore, that the practice of running school boys daily from the beginning of the school year in order that they may compete in the spring, is a bad one, as is also that of running them in so many races during the season.

But there was found to be a credit as well as a debit side in the effects of running upon the heart. One man writes: "My training and running caused previous heart and lung trouble to disappear"; another, "transformed a nervous heart into a normal one"; another, "transformed a heart beating 100 usually, with occasional palpitation, into a normal one, and caused the palpitation to disappear"; another, "when I began running I was so weak I was supposed to go down stairs backward—at the last physical examination I was found to have one of the best hearts in the school. Ran four years from 440 yards up to seven miles."

Other Injuries.—In response to the question, "Has racing ever injuriously affected you, and how?" eight men testify to temporary injury due to over training or to racing when in poor condition, such as weak stomach, run-down condition, nervous breakdown, etc., the bad effects lasting from several weeks to as long as twelve months in one instance. One of these men ran the half mile, mile and two miles in one afternoon several times each year of his course of four years. This, of course, was simply inviting disaster, and it is difficult to understand how any college trainer could have permitted it. This brings us directly to a statement by one of the most famous athletes this country has ever produced, namely, that,

The great trouble in my opinion is the lack of knowledge on the part of trainers. The tendency is to overdo. This is par-

ticularly true of the school boy who imagines that unless he runs himself clean out every day of practice, he is not getting in the proper condition for competition. This is where he makes a mistake, and where, in my mind, he is going to feel the effects in later years.

Proper training means work suited to the strength and development of the individual, and if a man is so trained, is allowed to compete only when fit, and is fit to run when he begins training, such injuries would not occur.

Benefits.—In answer to the question, "Has it benefited you in any way?" ninety per cent. answer "Yes," five per cent. do not know whether it has or not, and five per cent. reply, "It has not." The benefits said to have resulted are in general, strengthened heart and lungs, developed a rugged constitution, cured several weak hearts, "gave perfect health and endurance very beneficial in recent years," "cured frequent headaches," "effected a complete emancipation from doctors and medicines," and the relatively minor one of increased muscular development. The usual benefits resulting from training for any branch of athletics are also emphasized, namely, regular hours and regular habits of living, how and what to eat, the incompatibility of dissipation with physical stamina, the moral lesson that hard work, and that alone, leads to success. These benefits, it will be noticed, are of the kind that contribute to increased constitutional strength, strength of heart, lungs and vital organs, and are permanent in character. The almost unanimous testimony to this increase in vital strength is worthy of special note.

Cross-country Running.—Cross-country running is generally believed to be one of the best exercises that young men can take. The testimony of Mr. Joseph Wood, the headmaster of Harrow, is of particular value in this connection. He writes:

We keep no actual record of our runners, but I have been headmaster now for over forty years, and my experience certainly goes to prove that cross-country running does no harm but much good; second, that in long-distance racing much care is necessary. No boy should be allowed to compete unless certified as sound and fit by competent medical advisers. At Harrow we make this a rule.

As Mr. Wood implies, there is a vast difference between cross-country running, in which a man swings along at a rate well within his powers, and cross-country racing, in which he must drive himself at high pressure from three to ten miles. There seems to be a pretty well developed opinion among runners that cross-country racing is injurious. An intercollegiate champion, the captain of a varsity team, writes:

I have had a considerable opportunity to observe the effect of track and cross-country racing on athletes in this section (the West). I have yet to see the track man at ——— who was injured by races over the half-mile, mile and two-mile courses, but cases have occasionally come to my notice of men whose vitality was drained severely by cross-country races over five-mile courses.

Another captain and coach writes to the same effect. Information accidentally received relating to one of the eastern universities, reveals a belief among the students that the men on the cross-country squad drain themselves of vitality, and there is frequent expression of opinion to that effect from the athletes who responded to this inquiry.

Interesting Facts.—The cross-country men began running later in life than the track men, the average being $18\frac{1}{2}$ years, as compared with $17\frac{1}{2}$ for two milers, 17 for milers, and 16 for half milers. In the latter, the percentage of heart affections was greater than with the one and two mile men. In view of the immaturity of the boys who ran in the 880 class, this is not surprising.

Two thirds of the athletes participated freely in general athletics when not in training for track—in football, baseball, basketball, tennis, hockey, gymnastics, etc.,—and were practically engaged in vigorous exercise for a period of five and a half years. Their statistics do not show appreciable variation from those of the one third who engaged in running only.

Naturally and yet unexpectedly, the men who trained on an average of about ten weeks a year, notwithstanding they numbered less than two fifths of the whole number, had nearly twice the percentage of injuries. In attempting to fit themselves for the strain of a distance race in such a short time, they overworked, with consequent bad effects. Curiously enough, the men who trained twenty-six weeks a year and continued running from seven to twelve or fifteen years, had no injuries at all. It might be supposed that this vigorous exercise continued for such a long time would drain their vitality. Exactly the contrary has been the case. With one exception, all claim to be more vigorous than the average man of their age, and the exception declares himself fully as vigorous.

One half of the athletes began running as school boys, and 78.5 per cent. made good in college, as compared with 75 per cent. of those who did not take up the sport until they entered college. Twice as many of the boys who ran only a year or two in school made good as of those who ran three or four years. This seems to indicate that boys who begin at school, if they do not begin too young, and if they are brought along gradually, learning stride and pace and developing stamina, have a slightly better chance than even the more mature man who takes up the sport after he enters college. There is nothing surprising in this, as it requires several years to bring a distance runner to his best. C. H. Kilpatrick, winner of the American and

Canadian championships, '94, '95, '96, and until recently holder of the world's record for the half mile, began running while at school, as did also George Orton, intercollegiate mile champion for several years. Melvin Sheppard before becoming an Olympic champion was famous throughout the middle Atlantic states as a school-boy runner. It is a common saying, however, that school-boy stars usually "fall down" in college, and unquestionably many runners of promise are spoiled before they get there, but, generally speaking, the school-boy star fails to develop into a college star because he has stepped from the narrow limits of school competition into the much greater range of college athletics. I am inclined to believe that unless he has been overrun, he equals in college his school records and usually surpasses them, and while the data to support it are not at hand, I should expect this to be particularly true of distance running, at which a man should get better and better the longer he keeps at it. The evidence shows, furthermore, that boys who were over sixteen when they began running did twice as well after they entered college as boys who began under sixteen. Evidently the boy who begins too young is throwing away his chances in college.

Breaking Training.—One hundred and twelve athletes quit running abruptly, and all but one of them are in vigorous health to-day, apparently having experienced no ill effects, either from breaking training suddenly or from that overdevelopment of heart and lungs which is supposed to result from athletics. This seems to indicate, first, that unnecessary emphasis has been laid upon breaking training gradually and, second, that abnormal development of the heart and lungs leading to serious affections of these organs is not to be feared.

The entire physical organism is developed by training to a condition of unusual efficiency in order to meet the

demands made upon it. It is generally believed that when these demands cease suddenly—through abruptly breaking training—tissue degeneration follows, inducing physical ailments of greater or less severity. There is, undoubtedly, an alteration in the tissues when the organism is no longer called upon for vigorous activity, but the theory that this change is a pathological one is not sustained by the facts, in so far at least as distance runners are concerned, save when it is aggravated by bad habits, dissipation or close confinement. It has not been sustained in my experience with school-boy athletes, for in fifteen years I can recall but two cases of indisposition after the season, both temporary, both in football men, big and full blooded, of the type that require an active life. I think it is not sustained by the experience of the vast majority of athletes graduated from our colleges year by year, who from choice or necessity engage in business activities which deny leisure for indulgence in sport, for, if so, it should by this time show negatively in the national health statistics, whereas, on the contrary, the spread of athletics in the past generation is believed to have raised the standard of national physical efficiency. It seems to me likely that the ordinary activities of life are sufficient to bridge over the transition period, especially as men who have been accustomed to a great deal of exercise, and who feel the need of it, will, as a rule, manage to get more or less of it into or in connection with their work. I am of the opinion that, save in rare instances, the development produced by college athletics is not abnormal—as is that of professional strong men, weight lifters, acrobats, etc., in which vitality is sacrificed to muscular development, for none of the college sports, except perhaps the hammer throw, develop great muscular strength. The character of the athlete's training supports this belief. He trains hard for a season or two (twelve to

thirty weeks), but during the intermittent periods and the summer his exercise is much less severe, and is engaged in solely for pleasure. He works during the training season and plays in between, the mid-seasons in this way providing just the type of letting down that is supposed to be necessary, so that at the close of his college career, instead of cumulative abnormal development, as in the case of the professional strong man, he has built up an evenly-balanced physical machine.

Expert Opinions.—The athletes are nearly unanimous in endorsing cross-country running (as distinguished from cross-country racing), as a safe and valuable form of exercise, but the same unanimity is not shown when we come to the consideration of distance racing—880 yards to two miles. Ten per cent. of the men oppose racing of any kind, on the ground that it involves too much strain. Eighty per cent. of them approve it, nearly one third of these, however, qualifying their approval by saying, "If not overdone, if under proper training, if sound at the start, if sufficiently mature, etc." These various qualifications, insisted upon by so many athletes, indicate a pretty general feeling by men who know the game, a feeling arising from their own personal experience or through observation of others, that distance racing is not free from risk except under competent supervision. Their letters indicate that without such supervision immature boys, and men physically and constitutionally weak, will take up the game; that they, as well as those who are fit to run, will train improperly and will be likely to overdo it. They insist upon a preliminary examination by a competent physician; they are opposed to the practice of running more than one hard race on the same day, a practice common among school boys, who, as a rule, have no competent trainer to advise them; they are opposed to boys taking up the game until

they are seventeen or eighteen years of age, although recognizing the difficulty of getting any fixed age limit, since the strength and development of an individual must determine his fitness. Many believe that one mile should be the limit for school-boy contests. There is a very pronounced feeling among them that school boys generally overwork. These opinions, held by men who know, cannot be disregarded in an effort to discover and set forth the facts. They point to the dangers which lie in the path of the inexperienced athlete, and which bring adverse criticism upon the sport. And yet, notwithstanding these dangers, all avoidable, it will be apparent to any one who reads their letters that they approve the sport if properly supervised, considering it in that case not only safe but of great benefit. Almost all of the men, even those who are opposed to racing, even those who sustained injury while at it, claim they have been benefited by their athletic experience. This can mean but one thing, namely, as one of them expresses it, "the increased health and vigor resulting from training more than compensated for any injury due to racing." The exceedingly small number of permanent injuries revealed by this investigation, and the vigorous health enjoyed to-day by the athletes almost without exception, sustain this view, especially since it must be borne in mind that a large proportion of the men quit running years ago, before the highly specialized trainer of to-day was developed, and consequently must have trained under more or less imperfect methods. It should also be remembered that, unlike football and crew men, runners are not select specimens of physical manhood, picked because of their strength and vigor. On the contrary, track men are fragile in comparison. Strip a group of football and crew candidates and place them side by side with a group of track men and no one could fail to be impressed by the contrast in strength and development.

Vitality.—Whether distance running drains vitality or not can not be demonstrated in terms of percentage, as one may speak of the number of bodily injuries or of functional heart derangements. A conclusion must be reached deductively, if at all, from the statistics given by the men; the character of the injuries they have received; the nature of the benefits which accrued from their running; the probable effect of these injuries and benefits on their vital organs; the state of their health at the present time, etc. Vitality must be determined by the condition of the blood, and of the organs which maintain life, the heart, lungs, stomach, kidneys, etc. If running has resulted in strengthening the heart and lungs of these athletes, in improving their digestion, in stimulating to greater efficiency the functioning of their vital organs, in endowing them with greater physical vigor, it has evidently given them greater vitality, greater resistance to disease; if, on the other hand, it has injured their hearts, weakened their lungs, injuriously affected their vital organs; if a fair percentage of them have become broken down athletes, it has impaired their physical vigor and drained vitality. Every one admits the value of running *per se*. It is generally recognized as the exercise *par excellence* which develops vital strength, strength of heart and lungs, the kind of strength that carries a man to a green old age. No one of our athletic teams regularly presents to the eye such evidence of perfect physical condition as does the track team. The practical value from the physiological point of view of all the school and college sports is in direct ratio to the amount of running involved. Racing in itself may be injurious, ten per cent. of the men believe it is, although their letters show that half of these are opposed to it, not because of definite and positive injury known to result from it, but from the vague general feeling referred to on the first page of this inquiry, namely, the belief that it is too great a strain. And this

investigation shows that certain injuries do result from it, though much less serious than is generally believed. On the other hand, a large majority of the men deny that racing is necessarily injurious, affirming that injury when incurred is caused by poor condition, and that if a man is fit when he toes the mark, he is not likely to injure himself, no matter how hard he runs. But it is impossible to consider racing alone, since running is inseparably connected with it. Boys cannot race without training, and will not train without racing. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of the athletes themselves as to the effects of their running. Over ninety per cent. claim to have derived permanent benefits, in many instances of inestimable value, and only four of the entire number testify to permanent injury. Some of the letters have a direct bearing on the subject of vitality, others relate to it indirectly; one man writes:

Cornell University is distinguished above all other institutions for the development of runners at the distances you mention. I am in touch with all the 'varsity distance men graduated in the last ten years, and there is not a case of physical debility in the whole lot. Most of them are much more alive than the average man.

A famous distance runner whose feats astonished men a few years ago, writes:

I have been running for over twenty-three years now, and I feel in perfect physical condition. Have won races from seventy-five yards up, and have run over one hundred miles quite often. My heart has been examined by specialists in London, Paris, Boston, and other places, and all say that it is in perfect working shape.

Another writes:

My father, who is sixty-two years of age, and an old distance runner, can now run a quarter of a mile consistently under sixty

seconds. He has not been ill since he was a young man, and is as hale and hearty as a man of thirty.

A quarter mile in sixty seconds is beyond the ability of ninety-nine out of a hundred men whom you and I meet in the streets. The average boy of eighteen years can not do it, but the trained runner can with ease. A form of exercise which develops and maintains in a man sixty-two years of age vigor enough to perform a feat beyond the strength of the average man of half his years and which brings forth testimony such as I have just quoted, has strong claims to favorable consideration.

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Conclusions.—It seems to be an open question whether cross-country racing is safe for any but men of exceptional strength with the probabilities in the negative. It is evident that distance racing of any kind is attended with a certain amount of risk, which, however, can be reduced to a minimum by proper training. There is nothing in the testimony given by the athletes to show that distance running depletes vitality. As a matter of fact the presumptive weight of evidence is to the contrary.

We may safely conclude that the infinitely milder work of the college man, usually done under the best conditions, is not likely to injure him, and the evidence at hand appears to establish this beyond reasonable doubt. But the number of injuries shown, even though nearly all of them were temporary ones, indicate the need for better supervision. None worthy of the name is given the school-boy athlete, except in comparatively few preparatory schools and city high schools. Competent trainers are scarce, but medical supervision can readily be had. If the boys were required to pass a preliminary examination by a competent physician and were examined thereafter at intervals of three or

four weeks to ascertain how they are standing up under the training, liability to injury would be practically eliminated.

Twenty-two of the sixty or seventy colleges and large preparatory schools to which we wrote furnished lists of their athletes. These lists contained the names of two hundred and sixty men, two-thirds of whom responded to our letters. The replies are so similar in tone and so emphatic as regards essentials that I believe the results shown will be confirmed by further investigation involving any number of athletes.

—From *Popular Science Monthly*.

THE SHORT BALLOT.

RICHARD S. CHILDS.

Do you know that ours is the only habitually misgoverned democracy? Other democracies, Canada and the English, French and German cities, are generally well governed, many of them splendidly governed. Their councils and legislatures stay clean automatically, without need for public uprisings to clean them out. True, they sometimes suffer from graft, but it is local, haphazard, and unorganized, like graft in business life. But with us misgovernment is universal and ever present. Every state and every city is constantly at war with it. The brand-new city of Gary begins to grapple with it as soon as there is an election. And the success of the forces of righteousness is always temporary, like sweeping back flooding water with a broom. We say truly, "A reform administration is never reelected." Good administration is actually abnormal in American cities and states. Maladministration is the normal.

This condition, unique among democracies, indicates the existence of some peculiarity in our system of government as the underlying cause.

Starting at the broad base of our structure, the voters, we notice one unique phenomenon which is so familiar to us that we usually overlook it entirely—that is, our habit of voting blindly. Of course intelligent citizens do not vote without knowing what they are doing. Oh, no! You, Mr. Reader, for instance, you vote intelligently always! Of course you do! But for whom did you vote for Surrogate last time? You don't know. Well, then, whom did

you support for State Auditor? For State Treasurer? For Clerk of the Court? For Supreme Court Judge? And who is your Alderman? Who represents your district at the State Capitol? Name, please, *all* the candidates you voted for at the last election. Of course you know the President and the Governor and the Mayor, but there was a long list of minor officers besides. Unless you are active in politics I fear you flunk this examination. If your ballot had by a printer's error omitted the "State Comptroller" entirely, you would probably not have missed it. You ignored nine-tenths of your ballot, voting for those you did not know about, and casting a straight party ticket for the rest, not because of party loyalty, but because you did not know of anything better to do. You need not feel ashamed of it. Your neighbors all did the same; *my* neighbors did (observe the little census reproduced here!).

CONFIDENTIAL CENSUS.

Do you know the name of the new State Treasurer just elected?.....	87% said No
Do you know the name of the present State Treasurer?.....	75% said No
Do you know the name of the new State Assemblyman for this district?.....	70% said No
Do you know the name of the defeated candidate for Assemblyman for this district?.....	80% said No
Do you know the name of the Surrogate of this County?.....	65% said No
Do you know the name of your Alderman?.....	85% said No
Do you know whether your Alderman was one of those who voted against the increase in the Police Force last year?.....	98% said No
Are you in active politics?.....	96% said No

THE INTELLIGENCE (?) OF THE VOTE IN THE MOST INDEPENDENT ASSEMBLY DISTRICT IN BROOKLYN.

Data collected immediately after election, 1908.

Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, the "ideal citizen," confessed in a public address recently that he did it too. Philadelphia has even elected imaginary men. It is a typical and universal American attitude. We all vote blindly. The intelligence of the community is not at work on any of the minor offices on the ballot. The average American citizen never casts a completely intelligent vote.

This is not all the fault of the voter. To cast a really intelligent ballot from a mere study of newspapers, campaign literature and speeches is impossible, because practically nothing is ever published about the minor candidates.

The gossip around the local headquarters being too one-sided to be trusted by a casual inquirer, a deep-working personal acquaintance with politics, involving years of experience and study, becomes necessary before a voter who wants to cast a wholly intelligent ballot can obtain the facts.

This is not the fault of the press. In New York City the number of elective offices in the State, city, and county to be filled by popular vote in a cycle of four years is nearly five hundred. In Chicago the number is still greater. Philadelphia, although smaller than either city, elects more people than either. No newspaper can give publicity to so many candidates or examine properly into their relative merits.

Plainly the voter is overburdened with more questions than he will answer carefully, for it is certain that the average citizen cannot afford the time to fulfill the unreasonable requirements that are now essential to intelligent voting. The voters at the polls are the foundation of a democracy, and the universal and incurable habit of voting blindly constitutes a huge break in that foundation which is serious enough to account for the toppling of the whole structure.

Let us see, then, if we can trace out a connection between blind voting as a cause and misgovernment as the effect.

No one will deny that if nine-tenths of the citizens refrained from voting on election day, the remaining tenth would govern all. And when practically all vote in ninth-tenth ignorance and indifference, about the same delegation of power occurs. A remaining fraction who do give enough time to the subject to cast an intelligent ballot take control. That fraction we call "politicians" in our unique American sense of the word. A politician is a "political specialist." He is one who knows more about the voter's political business than the voter does. He knows, for instance, that the coroner's term will expire in November, and he contributes toward the discussion involved in nominating a successor, whereas the voter hardly knows a coroner is being elected. These politicians come from all classes, and the higher intelligence of the community contributes its full quota. Although they are only a fraction of the electorate, they are a fair average selection, and they would give us exactly the kind of government we all want, if only they could remain free and independent personal units. But the impulse to organize is irresistible. Convenience and efficiency require it, and the "organization" springs up and cements them together. Good men who see the organization go wrong on a nomination continue to stay in and to lend their strength, not bolting until moral conditions become intolerable. Were these men not bound by an organization with its social and other non-political ties, their revolt would be early, easy, and effective, and every bad nomination would receive its separate and proportionate punishment in the alienation of supporters.

The control of such active political organizations will

gravitate always toward a low level. The doors must be open to every voter—examination of his civic spirit is impossible—and greed and altruism enter together. Greed has most to gain in a factional dispute, and is least scrupulous in choice of methods. The bad politician carries more weapons than the politician who hampers himself with a code of ethics one degree higher. Consequently corruption finally dominates any machine that is worth dominating, and sinks it lower and lower as worse men displace better, until the limit of public toleration is reached and the machine receives a set-back at election. That causes its members to clean up, discredit the men who went too far, and restore a standard high enough to win—which standard immediately begins to sag again, by the operation of the same natural principle.

Reformers in a near-sighted way are constantly endeavoring to maintain pure political organizations and re-elect reform administrations. Suppose, however, that the Citizens' Union of New York, which is at present sincerely bent on improving the condition of politics, should succeed in carrying the city for its tickets several times in succession. After the first election, small political organizations which aided toward the victory would rush in, clamoring for their share of the plunder. For a term or two the reformers might be able to resist the pressure. Nevertheless the possession of power by their party would attract the grafters;¹ they would find themselves accepting assistance from men who were in politics for what there was in it, men who wanted to make more use of the power and patronage that lay at hand unutilized; and those men would in time, working within the Union, depose the

¹ Mr. Cutting, the former head of the Union, announced in anticipation of the 1909 municipal election that the Union did not desire a big enrollment, on account of the inevitable contamination it involved.

original heads of the party and substitute "more practical" leaders, until in time the Citizens' Union would itself need reforming.¹

Theoretically, there is always the threat of the minority party which stands ready to take advantage of every lapse; but as there is no debate between minor candidates, no adequate public scrutiny or comparison of personalities, the minority party gets no credit for a superior nomination, and often finds that it can more hopefully afford to cater to its own lowest elements. In fact, it may be only the dominant party which can venture to affront the lowest elements of its membership and nominate the better candidate.

The essence of our complaint against our government is that it represents these easily contaminated political organizations instead of the citizens. Naturally! When practically none but the politicians in his district are aware of his actions or even of his existence, the office-holder who refuses to bow to their will is committing political suicide.

Sometimes the interests of the politician and the people are parallel, but sometimes they are not, and the office-holder is apt to diverge along the path of politics. An appointment is made, partly at least, to strengthen the party, since the appointee has a certain following. A bill is considered, not on its simple merits, but on the issue, "Who is behind it?" "If it is Boss Smith of Green County, that wants it, whatever his reasons, we must placate him or risk disaffection in that district." So appointments and measures lose their original and proper significance and become mere pawns in a chess game of politics which aims to keep "our side" on top. The office-holders themselves may be upright, bribe-proof men—they usually are, in fact. But

¹ This was exactly what happened to Tammany Hall, which was clean at the beginning.

their failure to disregard all exigencies of party politics constitutes misrepresentative government, and Boss Smith, of Green County, can privately sell his influence as he chooses, whereby the public is in the end a heavy loser.

By the way, every factor in this sequence is a unique American phenomenon! The long ballot with its variegated list of trivial officers is to be seen nowhere but in the United States. The English ballot never covers more than three offices, usually only one. In Canada the ballot is less commonly limited to a single office, but the number is never large, and includes only offices that are of such importance as to attract close scrutiny by the public. To any Englishman or Canadian our long ballot is astonishing, and our blind voting appalling. The politicians as a professional class, separate from popular leaders or office-holders, are unknown in other lands, and the very word "politician" has a special meaning of reproach in this country which foreigners do not attach to it. And government of a democracy from behind the scenes by politicians, in endless opposition to government by public opinion, is the final unique American phenomenon in the long ballot's train of consequences.

The blind vote of course does not take in the whole ballot. Certain conspicuous offices engage the attention of all of us. We go to hear the speeches of the candidates for conspicuous offices; those speeches are printed in the daily papers and reviewed in the weeklies; the candidates are the theme of editorials, and we need take no part in politics to be able to vote with knowledge on certain important issues. We would laugh at an attempt to control our vote on any of these questions when we have opinions of our own. With this independent intelligence always at work upon the major nominations, we secure a higher normal level of conditions. Aldermen we elect who do not rep-

resent us, and State Legislatures which obey the influence of unseen powers, but we are apt to speak effectively when it comes to the choice of a conspicuous officer like a President, a Governor, or a Mayor. For Mayor, Governor, or President we are sure to secure a presentable figure, always honest and frequently an able and independent champion of the people against the very political interests that nominated him. We are apt to re-elect such men, and the way we sweep aside hostile politicians where the issue is clear shows how powerfully the tide of our American spirit sets toward good government when the intelligence of the community finds a channel—witness Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes, Deneen, Folk, and a host of mayors.

Sometimes there is rank misgovernment in a conspicuous office, as when Van Wyck ruled New York City. But, as is rather usual at such times, a reform wave followed, and his party was punished by a defeat at the polls. Since then Tammany has temporarily conceded the conspicuous offices to the people, nominating thereto men of independent character, and even accepting two who had already been nominated by the reformers. It has been content with graft from Borough Presidents, the Aldermen, and its friends in the lower grades of the departments.

Misgovernment is secure only in the minor offices, in the shadowy places where the spot-light of publicity rarely wanders. When the rats venture out of these obscurities into the blazing light, it is to nibble the cake cautiously, and always with timid eyes upon that great giant, the public, ready to scamper if he stirs. If, growing confident from long immunity, they become too bold and noisy, punishment, clumsy but heavy, suddenly swoops upon them.

And so in those conspicuous offices—those on which we do not vote blindly—we secure fairly good government as a normal condition, considering that the organized and

skilful opposition which always faces us occupies a position of great strategic advantage in possession of the nominating machinery.

To reduce this idea to a working rule:

In an obscure contest on the blind end of the ballot, merit has little political value; but in the conspicuous contests, where we actually compare man and man, superior merit in a nominee is a definite political asset. Hence, in the case of an obscure nomination, the tendency is automatically downward; but in a conspicuous nomination (where all the voting is intelligent) the tendency is upward.

We cannot hope to raise the political intelligence of our citizenship to a level where it will scrutinize the long ballot and cease to vote blindly on most of it. The mountain will not come to Mahomet; Mahomet then must go to the mountain. We must *shorten the ballot* to a point where the average man will vote intelligently without giving to politics more attention than he does at present. That means making it very short, for if it exceeds by even a little the retentive capacity of the average voter's memory, the "political specialist" is created. A voter could remember the relative merits of probably about five sets of candidates, and could keep that many separate contests clear in his mind, but he would probably begin to vote blindly on more than five. Also we must take all unimportant offices off the ballot, since the electorate will not bother with such trifles whether the ballot be short or not. Why, indeed, should fifty thousand voters all be asked to pause for even a few minutes apiece to study the relative qualifications of Smith and Jones for the petty post of County Surveyor? An intelligent citizen may properly have bigger business!

To be pictorial, let us see how a revised schedule of elections might look if we put into the realm of appointive offices as many as possible of those which we now ignore.

All county offices, many city positions, and the tail of the State ticket would thus be disposed of, and the ballot might look somewhat like this (New York State titles):

<i>First Year.</i> President and Vice- President (four years)	<i>Second Year.</i> Governor (four years)	<i>Third Year.</i> Congressman (two years)	<i>Fourth Year.</i> State Senator (four years)
Congressman (two years)	State Assemblyman (two years)	Mayor (four years)	State Assemblyman (two years)
City Councilman (two years)		City Councilman (two years)	

This is merely organizing the State and city as simply as the Federal Government. There is endless room for discussion on the details, and many other arrangements could be devised. This schedule provides for every office which must be kept within the realm of politics. It provides short ballots which every man would vote intelligently without calling on a political specialist to come and guide his pencil.

On such a short ballot basis the entry of our best men into public life becomes possible. To-day the retired business man, for instance, who is willing to devote his trained mind and proven executive ability to the service of his city finds it difficult to enter public life even as a humble Alderman. He cannot win as an independent, for the voters do not distinguish his voice in the political hubbub. He must get his name on the ticket of the dominant party, which can elect him regardless of whether he makes a fierce campaign or remains silent on every issue. In seeking this nomination, direct primaries will help him a little, but in the confusion of making the nominations for a multitude of offices he is again unable to attract much attention, and

the "machine," swinging in solid blocks of well-drilled voters to the support of some old-time pillar of the "organization," is likely to defeat him despite his manifest superiority of character. His only hopeful resort is to go down into the unfamiliar shaded underworld of ward politics, kowtow to district leaders and captains whose social and business standing is perhaps inferior to his own, and satisfy their queries, "What have you done for the party?" and "What will you do for us?" Such procedure being at least distasteful and probably stultifying, his activities turn toward philanthropies and recreations. The city has thus refused his proffered services, has turned away the man who considered the office as an opening for civic usefulness in favor of one who probably wanted it as a good job.

But if he is to be conspicuous as an important and almost solitary figure before his prospective constituents, such a candidate can easily get a satisfactory hearing, and his superior merit will be an all-important asset to him. In such a simple situation the "ward politician" has no function. Every ordinary voter is a complete politician too. The party bosslet who prates of "regularity" will find the voter replying with facts regarding the personality and principles of the candidate, and the discussion shifts to a new level. If the politician can win over the voter on that level, well and good. That is leadership, not bossism, and is unobjectionable.

After such an election this conspicuousness will continue, encouraging good behavior in office. The legislator will fear public indignation because his constituents, damning a measure, will also damn him specifically for his part in it. Likewise, if deserving he can get popular support over the heads of any political coterie whom he ventures to disobey.

Good government is entirely a matter of getting the

right man elected. Nothing else is so vital. No City Charter or State Constitution, however ingenious, will make bad men give good government or keep good men from getting good results.

To get the right man is first of all a matter of arranging for the maximum amount of concentrated public scrutiny at the election. It is not superior intelligence in the British electorate that enables it uniformly to elect the best men in town to the City Councils, save in that the individual voter in the ward selects only a single officer at election, and can hardly fail to know just what he is doing. Likewise there cannot be a mysterious virtue in the new plan of governing American cities by small commissions (the success of which in Galveston, Houston, and Des Moines is undeniable) save in that the importance and conspicuousness of the five commissionerships attract so fierce a limelight at election that no unworthy figure who ventures into that blazing circle can hope to conceal his unworthiness from the eyes of even the most careless voter.

The Galveston plan would be better yet if the Commissioners were elected one at a time for long terms in rotation. Then public scrutiny at election would focus still more searchingly on the candidates, and merit would increase still further in value as a political asset.

We must manage somehow to get our eggs into a few baskets—the baskets that we watch! For remember that we are not governed by public opinion, but by public-opinion-as-expressed-through-the-pencil-point-of-the-Average-Voter-in-his-election-booth. And that may be a vastly different thing! Public opinion can only work in broad masses, clumsily. To make a multitude of delicate decisions is beyond its coarse powers. It can't play the tune it has in mind upon our close-stringed political harp, but give it a broad key-board simple enough for its

huge slow hands, and it will thump out the right notes with precision!

There is nothing the matter with Americans. We are by far the most intelligent electorate in the world. We are not indifferent. We do want good government. And we can win back our final freedom on a "short ballot" basis!

—From *The Outlook*.

DESCRIPTION.

A SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The schools were newly built, and there were so many like them all over the country that one might have thought the whole were but one restless edifice with the locomotive gift of Aladdin's palace. They were in a neighborhood which looked like a toy neighborhood taken in blocks out of a box by a child of particularly incoherent mind, and set up anyhow; here, one side of a new street; there, a large solitary public-house facing nowhere; here, another unfinished street already in ruins; there, a church; here, an immense new warehouse; there, a dilapidated old country villa; then, a medley of black ditch, sparkling cucumber frame, rank field, cultivated kitchen-garden, brick viaduct, arch-spanned canal, and disorder of frowsiness and fog. As if the child had given the table a kick and gone to sleep.

—From *Our Mutual Friend*.

A MEXICAN LANDSCAPE.

CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU.

At the sloping pasture's lower end the compact, tile-roofed, white-walled town glared in the January sunlight—a town in a garden, or, when one for a moment lost sight of the outlying orange groves, fields of green-gold sugar cane, patches of shimmering corn and clumps of banana trees—an all-pervasive garden in a town. For compact as the Oriental-looking little place was, green and purple, yellow and red sprang from its interstices everywhere as though they had welled up from the rich plantations below and overflowed. One gazed down upon the trees of tiny plazas, the dense dark foliage of walled gardens, into shady flower-filled patios and sunny, luxuriant, neglected churchyards, and beyond, the mysterious valley melted away in vast and ever vaster distances—the illimitable valley of a dream—a vision—an allegory—slowly rising at last, in tier upon tier of faintly opalescent volcanoes, the texture of gauze. Up and up and up they lifted and swam and soared, until, as with a swift concerted escape into the blue and icy air of heaven, they culminated in the smooth, inaccessible, swanlike snow upon the peak of Orizaba. Mexico's four, well-defined climates, from the blazing summer of the valley to glittering winter only some thousands of feet above, were here, I realized, all the year round, visibly in full blast.

—From *Viva Mexico!*

THE INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Through the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes

with the serpent of eternity wrapped round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms, and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisle and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her, "Mother of God," she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always, burning in the center of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power or returning in judgment.

—From *Stones of Venice*.

SIX PORTRAITS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

(1) COLERIDGE.

The good man, he was now getting old, toward sixty perhaps; and gave you an idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching,—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his “object” and “subject,” terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sang and snuffled them into “om-m-inject” and “sum-m-mject,” with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or any other, could be more surprising.

—From *The Life of John Sterling*.

(2) TENNYSON.

I think he must be under forty, not much under. [He was 35.] One of the finest looking men in the world. A great shock of rough dusty-dark hair; bright, laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate; of sallow-brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical-metallic—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet, in these late decades, such company over a pipe!

—From *Letter to Emerson*.

(3) WEBSTER.

Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the notablest of all your notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen; you might say to all the world, This is your Yankee Englishman, such Limbs *we* make in Yankeeland! As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed:—I have not traced as much of *silent Berserkir-rage*, that I remember of, in any other man.

—From *Letter to Emerson*.

(4) LANDOR.

We met first, some four years ago, on Cheyne Walk here; a tall, burly man, with gray hair and large fierce-rolling eyes; of the most restless, impetuous vivacity, not to be held in by the most perfect breeding,—expressing itself in

high-colored superlatives, indeed in reckless exaggeration, now and then in a dry sharp laugh, not of sport but of mockery; a wild man whom no extent of culture has been able to tame!

—From *Letter to Emerson*.

(5) BRONSON ALCOTT.

He is a genial, innocent, simple-hearted man, of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity, veracity, and dignity withal, which in many ways appeals to one. The good Alcott, with his long, lean face and figure, with his gray worn temples and mild radiant eyes; all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age; he comes before one like a kind of venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can even laugh at without loving!

—From *Letter to Emerson*.

(6) THACKERAY.

Thackeray has very rarely come athwart me since his return; he is a big fellow, soul and body; of many gifts and qualities (particularly in the Hogarth line, with a dash of Sterne superadded), of enormous *appetite* withal, and very uncertain and chaotic in all points except his *outer breeding*, which is fixed enough, and *perfect* according to the modern English style. I rather dread explosions in his history. A big, fierce, weeping, hungry man; not a strong one.

—From *Letter to Emerson*.

A HOT DAY IN ILLINOIS.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

A corn-field in July is a sultry place. The soil is hot and dry; the wind comes across the lazily murmuring leaves laden with a warm, sickening smell drawn from the rapidly growing, broad-flung banners of the corn. The sun, nearly vertical, drops a flood of dazzling light upon the field over which the cool shadows run, only to make the heat seem the more intense.

Julia Peterson, faint with hunger, was toiling back and forth between the corn-rows, holding the handles of the double-shovel corn-plough, while her little brother Otto rode the steaming horse. Her heart was full of bitterness, her face flushed with heat, and her muscles aching with fatigue. The heat grew terrible. The corn came to her shoulders, and not a breath seemed to reach her, while the sun, nearing the noon mark, lay pitilessly upon her shoulders, protected only by a calico dress. The dust rose under her feet, and as she was wet with perspiration it soiled her till with a woman's instinctive cleanliness, she shuddered. Her head throbbed dangerously. What matter to her that the kingbird pitched jovially from the maples to catch a wandering bluebottle fly, that the robin was feeding its young, that the bobolink was singing? All these things, if she saw them, only threw her bondage to labor into greater relief.

Across the field, in another patch of corn, she could see her father—a big, gruff-voiced, wide-bearded Norwegian—

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at work also with a plough. The corn must be ploughed, and so she toiled on, the tears dropping from the shadow of the ugly sunbonnet she wore. Her shoes, coarse and square-toed, chafed her feet; her hands, large and strong, were browned, or, more properly, *burnt*, on the backs by the sun. The horse's harness "*creak-cracked*" as he swung steadily and patiently forward, the moisture pouring from his sides, his nostrils distended.

—From *Main-Travelled Roads*.

A HOT DAY IN CALIFORNIA.

FRANK NORRIS.

All about him the country was flat. In all directions he could see for miles. The harvest was just over. Nothing but stubble remained on the ground. With the one exception of the live-oak by Hooven's place, there was nothing green in sight. The wheat stubble was of a dirty yellow; the ground, parched, cracked, and dry, of a cheerless brown. By the roadside the dust lay thick and grey, and, on either hand, stretching on toward the horizon, losing itself in a mere smudge in the distance, ran the illimitable parallels of the wire fence. And that was all; that and the burnt-out blue of the sky and the steady shimmer of the heat.

The silence was infinite. After the harvest, small though that harvest had been, the ranches seemed asleep. It was as though the earth, after its period of reproduction, its pains of labor, had been delivered of the fruit of its loins, and now slept the sleep of exhaustion.

It was the period between seasons, when nothing was being done, when the natural forces seemed to hang suspended. There was no rain, there was no wind, there was no growth, no life; the very stubble had no force even to rot. The sun alone moved.

—From *The Octopus*.

A DEVON GLEN.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Such are those delightful glens, which cut the high table-land of the confines of Devon and Cornwall, and opening each through its gorge of down and rock, towards the boundless Western Ocean. Each is like the other, and each is like no other English scenery. Each has its upright walls, inland of rich oak-wood, nearer the sea of dark green furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird black cliffs which range out right and left far into the deep sea, in castles, spires, and wings of jagged iron-stone. Each has its narrow strip of fertile meadow, its crystal trout stream winding across and across from one hill-foot to the other; its grey stone mill, with the water sparkling and humming round the dripping wheel; its dark rock pools above the tide mark, where the salmon-trout gather in from their Atlantic wanderings, after each autumn flood; its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady's finger; its grey bank of polished pebbles, down which the stream rattles towards the sea below. Each has its black field of jagged shark's-tooth rock which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward, in strata set upright on edge, or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquakes;—such is the “Mouth”—as those coves are called; and such the jaw of teeth which they display, one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship. To landward, all richness, softness, and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner.

—From *Westward Ho!*

HUNGER.

CHARLES DICKENS.

And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy—cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want, were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young, shivered at every corner, passed in and out at every doorway, looked from every window, fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook. The mill which had worked them down, was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had ancient faces and grave voices; and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and ploughed into every furrow of age and coming up afresh, was the sign, Hunger. It was prevalent everywhere. Hunger was pushed out of the tall houses, in the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of firewood that the man sawed off; Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys, and started up from the filthy street that had no offal, among its refuse, of anything to eat. Hunger was the inscription on the baker's shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread; at the sausage-shop, in every dead-dog preparation that was offered for sale. Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting chestnuts in the turned cylinder;

Hunger was shred into atomies in every farthing porringer of husky chips of potato, fried with some reluctant drops of oil.

Its abiding-place was in all things fitted to it. A narrow winding street, full of offence and stench, with other narrow winding streets diverging, all peopled by rags and nightcaps, and all smelling of rags and nightcaps, and all visible things with a brooding look upon them that looked ill. In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not wanting among them; nor compressed lips, white with what they suppressed; nor foreheads knitted into the likeness of the gallows-rope they mused about enduring, or inflicting. The trade signs (and they were almost as many as the shops) were, all, grim illustrations of want. The butcher and the porkman painted up only the leanest scrags of meat; the baker, the coarsest of meagre loaves. The people rudely pictured as drinking in the wine-shops, croaked over their scanty measures of thin wine and beer, and were gloweringly confidential together. Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition, save tools and weapons; but, the cutler's knives and axes were sharp and bright, the smith's hammers were heavy, and the gun-maker's stock was murderous.

—From *A Tale of Two Cities*.

SCOTT IN HIS STUDY.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

He at this time occupied as his den a square small room behind the dining parlor in Castle Street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books; most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable frame—something like a dumb waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan, tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner; the new, when the books were of any mark, were rich but never gaudy—a large proportion of blue morocco—all stamped with his device of the portcullis, and its motto, *Clausus tutus ero*, being an anagram of his name in Latin. Every case and shelf was accurately lettered, and the works arranged systematically; history and biography on one side—poetry and the drama on another—law books and dictionaries behind his own chair. The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby; with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose; and with small tiers of drawers reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of

Session papers, and on the desk below were, besides the MS. at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink bottles, taper stand, etc., in silver—the whole in such order that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before. Besides his own huge elbow-chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this sanctum, that while he talked his hands were hardly ever idle. Sometimes he folded letter covers—sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearthrug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled. The room had no space for pictures except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney-piece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks, each having its own story, disposed star fashion round them. A few green tin boxes, such as solicitors keep title-deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window; and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well-carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves.

—From *The Life of Scott*.

HARLOV.

IVAN TURGENIEFF.

Almost the most vivid impression that has remained in my memory of that far-off time, is the figure of our nearest neighbor, Martin Petrovitch Harlov. Indeed it would be difficult for such an impression to be obliterated: I never in my life afterwards met anything in the least like Harlov. Picture to yourselves a man of gigantic stature. On his huge carcass was set, a little askew, and without the least trace of a neck, a prodigious head. A perfect haystack of tangled yellowish-grey hair stood up all over it, growing almost down to the bushy eyebrows. On the broad expanse of his purple face, that looked as though it had been peeled, there protruded a sturdy knobby nose; diminutive little blue eyes stared out haughtily, and a mouth gaped open that was diminutive too, but crooked, chapped, and of the same color as the rest of the face. The voice that proceeded from this mouth, though hoarse, was exceedingly strong and resonant. . . . Its sound recalled the clank of iron bars, carried in a cart over a badly paved road; and when Harlov spoke, it was as though some one were shouting in a high wind across a wide ravine. It was difficult to tell just what Harlov's face expressed, it was such an expanse. . . . One felt one could hardly take it all in at one glance. But it was not disagreeable—a certain grandeur indeed could be discerned in it, only it was exceedingly astounding and unusual. And what hands he had—positive cushions! What fingers, what feet! I remember I could never gaze without a certain respectful awe at the four-foot span of Martin Petrovitch's back, at

his shoulders, like millstones. But what especially struck me was his ears! They were just like great twists of bread, full of bends and curves; his cheeks seemed to support them on both sides. Martin Petrovitch used to wear—winter and summer alike—a Cossack dress of green cloth, girt about with a small Tcherkess strap, and tarred boots. I never saw a cravat on him; and indeed what could he have tied a cravat round? He breathed slowly and heavily, like a bull, but walked without a sound. One might have imagined that having got into a room, he was in constant fear of upsetting and overturning everything, and so moved cautiously from place to place, sideways for the most part, as though slinking by.

—From *A Lear of the Steppes*.

AN OLD-TIME VIRGINIA MANSION.

GEORGE W. BAGBY.

The habitation of the old Virginia gentleman—house is too short a word to express it—always large enough, however small it might be, was sometimes stately, like the great square house of “Rosewell,” and others I might name. As a rule, to which, indeed, there were many exceptions, it was neither planned nor built—it grew: and that was its great charm. To be sure, the main structure or body of it had been put up with an eye not to convenience but to elbow-room and breathing space—without which no Virginian can live. But in course of time, as the children came along, as the family connections increased, and as the desire, the necessity in fact, of keeping a free hotel grew upon him, the old gentleman kept adding a wing here and tacking a shed room there until the original building became mixed up, and, as it were, lost in the crowd of additions. In cold weather the old house was often miserably uncomfortable, but at all other times it was simply glorious. There was, of course, a large hall or passage, a parlor and dining-room, “the chamber” proper for the old lady and for everybody, and a fine old-time staircase leading to the guest-chambers, but the rest of the house ran mostly into nondescript apartments, access to which was not always easy. For the floors were on different levels, as they ought to be in an old country house. Fail to step up or down at the proper time, and you were sure to bump your head or bruise your shins. Then there were dark closets, cuddies, and big old chests that came mayhap from England, say nothing of the garret, full of mystery, that stretched the

whole length of the house. Here was romance for childhood—plenty of it. These irregular rooms, two steps up and three down before you fairly got into them, teemed with poetry; but your modern houses, with square rooms all on a dead level, are prosaic as drygoods boxes.

A fine old house it was to play hide-and-seek in, to romp with the girls, to cut all sorts of capers without disturbing the old folks. Then these dark passages, these cuddies and closets, that big garret, never failed to harbor some good-natured old hip-shot fool of a family ghost, who was everlastingly “projicking” around at night, after the girls had quit their talk, making the floors crack, the doors creak, and whispering his nonsense through the keyhole, as if he could scare you or anybody else! To modernize the old Virginian’s house would kill that ghost, and if it be a crime to kill a live man, what an enormity it must be to kill one who has been dead a hundred years, who never harmed a living soul, and who, I suspect, was more fretted than sorry when the young ones would persist in hiding their heads under the bedclothes for fear of him! “You little geese! it’s nobody but me,” and “whish, whish, whish,” he would go on with his idiotic whispering.

The heavy, dark furniture; the huge sideboard; the quaint solid chairs; the more common article, with spraddled legs, scooped seats, and stick backs; the diamond-paned book-case; the long horse-hair sofas, with round tasselled pillows, hard as logs of ebony, with nooks to hide them in; the graceful candle-stand; the gilt mirror, with its three compartments; the carved mantel, so high you could hardly reach the silver candlesticks on its narrow top; the bureaux, with swinging brass handles; the dressing-tables; the high-post bedstead, with valance and tester; the—

But stay! it suddenly and painfully occurs to me—there are grown-up men and women actually here, in this room,

immortal beings, who never laid eyes on a bed-wrench and pin, and who do not so much as know the meaning of cording a bed! Think of it! Yet these people live on. Ah me! the fashion of this world passeth away!

The massive dinner table, never big enough to hold all the dishes, some of which had to go on the hearth to be kept warm; the old-time silver, the heavy cut glassware, the glass pitcher for the thick, rich milk—how it foamed when they “poured it high!”—the Canton china, thin as thin biscuit; the plainer blue dinner set, for every-day use, with the big apples on the little trees, the blue islands in a white sea, the man or woman that was always going over that short bridge, but stopped and stood provokingly in the middle—how they all come back to you! But I “lay” you have forgotten the handboxes. Think of that again! Handboxes have fled away from the face of this earth, but not to heaven; for they were much uglier than any sin I’m acquainted with. I recall the very pattern of them—the red brick houses, with many windows, the clumsy trees, and that odd something, more like a pile of rocks than an elephant, but spouting clods of water, like an elephant who had got drunk on mud.

—From *The Old Virginia Gentleman and Other Sketches*.

A RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE.

IVAN TURGENIEFF.

The localities through which they were passing could not be called picturesque. Fields, nothing but fields, stretched away to the very horizon, now rising gently, again sinking; here and there small patches of forest were visible, and here and there ravines, overgrown with sparse, low bushes, wound in and out, recalling to the eye the representations of them on ancient plans of the time of Katherine II. Here and there, also, small streams were to be encountered, with washed-out banks, and tiny ponds with wretched dams, and little hamlets with low cottages under dark roofs, which often had been half swept away, and lop-sided threshing-sheds with wattled walls of brushwood, and churches, now of brick with the stucco peeled off in places, now of wood, with slanting crosses and ruined graveyards. Arkády's heart gradually contracted. As though expressly, they kept meeting peasants in clothing which was too tight with long wear, on wretched nags; like beggars in rags stood the roadside willows, with tattered bark and broken branches; thin, scabby, apparently famished cows were greedily nibbling at the grass along the ditches. They seemed to have just succeeded in tearing themselves from some menacing, death-dealing talons,—and, evoked by the pitiful aspect of the debilitated beasts, amid the fine spring day, there arose the white wraith of the cheerless, endless winter, with its blizzards, frosts, and snows. . . . “No,”—thought Arkády, “this is not a rich land; it does not strike the beholder with its abundance or its industry; it is impossible, impossible for it to remain like this; reforms are

indispensable . . . but how are they to be brought about, and how is one to set to work? . . .”

This did Arkády meditate . . . and while he was meditating, the spring asserted its rights. Everything round about was ringing with a golden sound, everything was stirring with broad, soft agitation and shining beneath the tranquil breath of the warm breeze,—everything,—trees, bushes, and grass; everywhere the larks were carolling in unending, sonorous floods; the lapwings were alternately shrilling, as they soared in circles above the low-lying meadows, and silently hopping over the hillocks; the daws stalked about, handsomely black against the tender green of the spring rye, which was still low of growth; they preached sermons in the rye, which was already turning slightly whitish, only now and then showing their heads amid its smokelike billows. Arkády gazed, and gazed, and his meditations gradually faded away, then vanished altogether. . . .

—From *Fathers and Children*.

DARIUS CLAYHANGER.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

The younger and bigger of the two men chatting in the doorway was Darius Clayhanger, Edwin's father, and the first printer to introduce steam into Bursley. His age was then scarcely forty-five, but he looked more. He was dressed in black, with an ample shirt-front and a narrow black cravat tied in an angular bow; the shirt-bands were almost tight on the wrists, and, owing to the shortness of the alpaca coat-sleeves, they were very visible even as Darius Clayhanger stood, with his two hands deep in the horizontal pockets of his "full-fall" trousers. They were not precisely dirty, these wristbands, nor was the shirt-front, nor the turned-down pointed collar, but all the linen looked as though it would scarcely be wearable the next day. Clayhanger's linen invariably looked like that, not dirty and not clean, and further, he appeared to wear eternally the same suit, ever on the point of being done for and never being done for. The trousers always had marked transverse creases; the waistcoat always showed shingly the outline of every article in the pockets thereof, and it always had a few stains down the front (and never more than a few), and the lowest button insecure. The coat, faintly discolored around the collar and fretted at the cuffs, fitted him easily and loosely like the character of an old crony; it was as if it had grown up with him, and had expanded with his girth. His head was a little bald on the top, but there was still a great deal of mixed brown and grayish hair at the back and the sides, and the moustache,

hanging straight down with an effect recalling the mouth of a seal, was plenteous and defiant; a moustache of character, contradicting the full placidity of the badly-shaved chin. Darius Clayhanger had a habit, when reflective or fierce, of biting with his upper teeth as far down as he could on the lower lip; this trick added emphasis to the moustache. He stood, his feet in their clumsy boots planted firmly about sixteen inches apart, his elbows sticking out, and his head bent sideways, listening to and answering his companion with mien now eager, now roguish, now distinctly respectful.

—From *Clayhanger*.

THE DOVECOT.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.

The Dovecot was a prim little cottage standing back from the steepest brae in Thrums and hidden by high garden walls, to the top of which another boy's shoulders were, for apple-lovers, but one step up. Jargonelle trees grew against the house, stretching their arms round it as if to measure its girth, and it was also remarkable for several "dumb" windows with the most artful blinds painted on them. Miss Ailie's fruit was famous, but she loved her flowers best, and for long a notice board in her garden said, appealingly: "Persons who come to steal the fruit are requested not to walk on the flower-beds." It was that old bachelor, Dr. McQueen, who suggested this inscription to her, and she could never understand why he chuckled every time he read it.

There were seven rooms in the house, but only two were of public note, the school-room, which was down stairs, and the blue-and-white room above. The school-room was so long that it looked very low in the ceiling, and it had a carpet, and on the walls were texts as well as maps. Miss Ailie's desk was in the middle of the room, and there was another desk in the corner; a cloth had been hung over it, as one covers a cage to send the bird to sleep. Perhaps Miss Ailie thought that a bird had once sung there, for this had been the desk of her sister, Miss Kitty, who died years before Tommy came to Thrums. Dainty Miss Kitty, Miss Kitty with the roguish curls, it is strange to think you are dead, and that only Miss Ailie hears you singing now at your desk in the corner! Miss Kitty never sang there, but

the playful ringlets were the only bright things in the room, and Miss Ailie sees them still, and they are a song to her.

The pupils had to bring handkerchiefs to the Dovecot, which led to its being called the Hanky School, and in time these handkerchiefs may be said to have assumed a religious character, though their purpose was merely to protect Miss Ailie's carpet. She opened each scholastic day by reading fifteen verses from the Bible, and then she said sternly, "Hankies!" whereupon her pupils whipped out their handkerchiefs, spread them on the floor and kneeled on them while Miss Ailie repeated the Lord's Prayer. School closed at four o'clock, again with hankies.

Only on great occasions were the boys and girls admitted to the blue-and-white room, when they were given short-bread, but had to eat it with their heads flung back so that no crumbs should fall. Nearly everything in this room was blue or white, or both. There were white blinds and blue curtains, a blue table-cover and a white crumb-cloth, a white sheep-skin with a blue footstool on it, blue chairs dotted with white buttons. Only white flowers came into this room, where there were blue vases for them, not a book was to be seen without a blue alpaca cover. Here Miss Ailie received visitors in her white with the blue braid, and enrolled new pupils in blue ink with a white pen. Some laughed at her, others remembered that she must have something to love after Miss Kitty died.

Miss Ailie had her romance, as you may hear by and by, but you would not have thought it as she came forward to meet you in the blue-and-white room, trembling lest your feet had brought in mud, but too much a lady to ask you to stand on a newspaper, as she would have liked dearly to do. She was somewhat beyond middle-age, and stoutly, even squarely, built, which gave her a masculine appearance; but she had grown so timid since Miss Kitty's death

that when she spoke you felt that either her figure or her manner must have been intended for some one else. In conversation she had a way of ending a sentence in the middle which gave her a reputation of being "thro'ither," though an artificial tooth was the cause. It was slightly loose, and had she not at times shut her mouth suddenly, and then done something with her tongue, an accident might have happened. This tooth fascinated Tommy, and once when she was talking he cried, excitedly, "Quick, it's coming!" whereupon her mouth snapped close, and she turned pink in the blue-and-white room.

—From *Sentimental Tommy*.

KIPPS AND THE HARMONICON.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS.

. . . His eyes, wandering over the black surfaces of a noble architectural mass close by, discovered a slot—an enamelled plaque of directions.

It was some sort of musical box! As a matter of fact it was the very best sort of Harmonicon and specially made to the scale of the Hotel.

He scrutinised the plaque with his head at various angles and glanced about him at his neighbors.

It occurred to Kipps that he would like some music, that to inaugurate some would show him a man of taste and at his ease at the same time. He rose, read over a list of tunes, selected one haphazard, pressed his sixpence—it was sixpence!—home, and prepared for a confidential, refined little melody.

Considering the high social tone of the Royal Grand, it was really a very loud instrument indeed. It gave vent to three deafening brays and so burst the dam of silence that had long pent it in. It seemed to be chiefly full of the greatuncles of trumpets, megalotrombones and railway brakes. It made sounds like shunting trains. It did not so much begin as blow up your counter-scarp or rush forward to storm under cover of melodious shrapnel. It had not so much an air as a *ricochette*. The music had, in short, the inimitable quality of Sousa. It swept down upon the friend of Lady Jane and carried away something socially striking into the eternal night of the unheard; the American girl to the left of it was borne shrieking into the inaudible. “HIGH cockalorum Tootletootle tootle loo.

HIGH cockalorum tootle lootle loo. BUMP, bump, bump—BUMP.” Joyous, exorbitant music it was from the gigantic nursery of the Future, bearing the hearer along upon its torrential succession of sounds, as if he was in a cask on Niagara. Whiroo! Yah and have at you! The strenuous Life! Yaha! Stop! A Reprieve! A Reprieve! No! Bang! Bump!

Everybody looked around, conversation ceased and gave place to gestures.

The friend of Lady Jane became terribly agitated.

“Can’t it be stopped?” she vociferated, pointing a gloved finger and saying something to the waiter about “That dreadful young man.”

“Ought not to be working,” said the clerical friend of Lady Jane.

The waiter shook his head at the fat, hairless gentleman. People began to move away. Kipps leant back luxurious, and then tipped with a half crown to pay. He paid, tipped like a gentleman, rose with an easy gesture, and strolled towards the door. His retreat evidently completed the indignation of the friend of Lady Jane, and from the door he could still discern her gestures as asking, “Can’t it be stopped?” The music followed him into the passage and pursued him to the lift and only died away completely in the quiet of his own room, and afterwards from his window he saw the friend of Lady Jane and her party having their tea carried out to a little table in the court.

—From *Kipps*.

THE PARISH OF SELBORNE.

GILBERT WHITE.

The parish of Selborne lies in the extreme eastern corner of the county of Hampshire, bordering on the county of Sussex, and not far from the county of Surrey; is about fifty miles southwest of London, in latitude fifty-one, and near midway between the towns of Alton and Petersfield. Being very large and extensive, it abuts on twelve parishes, two of which are in Sussex, viz., Trotton and Rogate. If you begin from the south and proceed westward, the adjacent parishes are Emshot, Newton, Valence, Faringdon, Hartely-Mauduit, Great Wardleham, Kingsley, Hedleigh, Bramshot, Trotton, Rogate, Lysse, and Greatham. The soils of this district are almost as various and diversified as the views and aspects. The high part of the southwest consists of a high hill of chalk, rising three hundred feet above the village, and is divided into a sheep-down, the high wood, and a long hanging wood called The Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs. The down, or sheep-walk, is a pleasant, parklike spot, of about one mile by half that space, jutting out on the verge of the hill-country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water. The prospect is bounded to the southeast and east by the vast range of mountains called the Sussex downs, by Guild-down near Guildford, and by the downs round Dorking, and Ryegate, in Surrey, to the northeast, which

altogether, with the country beyond Alton and Farnham, form a noble and extensive outline.

At the foot of this hill, one stage or step from the uplands, lies the village, which consists of one single straggling street, three-quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered vale, and running parallel with the Hanger. The houses are divided from the hill by a vein of stiff clay (good wheat land), yet stand on a rock of white stone, little in appearance removed from chalk; but seems so far from being calcareous, that it endures extreme heat. Yet that the freestone still preserves somewhat that is analogous to chalk is plain from the beeches, which descend as low as those rocks extend, and no farther, and thrive as well on them, where the ground is steep, as on the chalks.

The cart-way of the village divides, in a remarkable manner, two very incongruous soils. To the southwest is a rank clay, that requires the labor of years to render it mellow; while the gardens to the northeast, and small enclosures behind, consist of a warm, forward, crumbling mould, called black malm, which seems highly saturated with vegetable and animal manure; and these may perhaps have been the original site of the town; while the woods and coverts might extend down to the opposite bank.

At each end of the village, which runs from southeast to northwest, arises a small rivulet; that at the northwest end frequently fails; but the other is a fine perennial spring, little influenced by drought or wet seasons, called Well-head. This breaks out of some high grounds joining to Nore Hill, a noble chalk promontory, remarkable for sending forth two streams into two different seas. The one to the south becomes a branch of the Arun, running to Arundel, and so sailing into the British Channel: the other to the north. The Selborne stream makes one branch of the Wey; and, meeting the Black-down stream at Hedleigh,

and the Alton and Farnham stream at Tilford-Bridge, swells into a considerable river, navigable at Godalming; from whence it passes to Guildford, and so into the Thames at Weybridge; and thus at the Nore into the German Ocean.

Our wells, at an average, run to about sixty-three feet, and when sunk to that depth seldom fail; but produce a fine limpid water, soft to the taste, and much commended by those who drink the pure element, but which does not lather well with soap.

To the northwest, north, and east of the village is a range of fair enclosures, consisting of what is called a white malin, a sort of rotten or rubble stone, which when turned up to the frost and rain, moulders to pieces, and becomes manure to itself.

Still on to the northeast, and a step lower, is a kind of white land, neither chalk nor clay, neither fit for pasture nor for the plough, yet kindly for hops, which root deep into the freestone, and have their poles and wood for charcoal growing just at hand. The white soil produces the brightest hops.

As the forest still inclines down toward Wolmer Forest, at the juncture of the clays and sand the soil becomes a wet, sandy loam, remarkable for timber and infamous for roads. The oaks of Temple and Blackmore stand high in the estimation of purveyors, and have furnished much naval timber; while the trees on the freestone grow large, but are what workmen call shaky, and so brittle as often to fall to picces in sawing. Beyond the sandy loam the soil becomes a hungry, lean sand, till it mingles with the forest; and will produce little without the assistance of lime and turnips.

—From *The Parish of Selborne*.

EDINBURGH.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No position could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom; none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice and terraced gardens she looks far and wide on the sea and broad champaigns. To the east you may catch at sunset the spark of the May lighthouse, where the Firth expands into the German Ocean; and away to the west, over the carse of Stirling, you can see the first snows of Ben Ledi.

But Edinburgh pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered with the snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shiftily and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in the spring. The delicate die early, and I, as a survivor, among bleak winds and plumping rain, have been sometimes tempted to envy them their fate. For all who love shelter and the blessings of the sun, who hate dark weather and perpetual tilting against squalls, there could scarcely be found a more unhomely and harassing place of residence. Many such aspire angrily after that Somewhere-else of the imagination, where all troubles are supposed to end. They lean over the great bridge which joins the New Town with the Old—that windiest spot, or high altar, in this northern temple of the

winds—and watch the trains smoking out from under them and vanishing into the tunnel on a voyage to brighter skies. Happy the passengers who shake off the dust of Edinburgh, and have heard for the last time the cry of the east wind among her chimney-tops! And yet the place establishes an interest in people's hearts; go where they will, they find no city of the same distinction; go where they will, they take a pride in their old home.

Venice, it has been said, differs from all other cities in the sentiment which she inspires. The rest may have admirers; she only, a famous fair one, counts lovers in her train. And, indeed, even by her kindest friends, Edinburgh is not considered in a similar sense. These like her for many reasons, not any one of which is satisfactory in itself. They like her whimsically, if you will, and somewhat as a virtuoso dotes upon his cabinet. Her attraction is romantic in the narrowest meaning of the term. Beautiful as she is, she is not so much beautiful as interesting. She is pre-eminently Gothic, and all the more so since she has set herself off with some Greek airs, and erected classic temples on her crags. In a word, and above all, she is a curiosity. The Palace of Holyrood has been left aside in the growth of Edinburgh, and stands gray and silent in a workman's quarter and among breweries and gas works. It is a house of many memories. Great people of yore, kings and queens, buffoons and grave ambassadors, played their stately farce for centuries in Holyrood. Wars have been plotted, dancing has lasted deep into the night, murders have been done in its chambers. There Prince Charlie held his phantom levees, and in a very gallant manner represented a fallen dynasty for some hours. Now, all these things of clay are mingled with the dust, the king's crown itself is shown for sixpence to the vulgar; but the stone palace has outlived these changes. For fifty weeks together

it is no more than a show for tourists and a museum of old furniture; but on the fifty-first, behold the palace reawakened and mimicking its past. The Lord Commissioner, a kind of stage sovereign, sits among stage courtiers; a coach and six and clattering escort come and go before the gate; at night the windows are lighted up, and its near neighbors, the workmen, may dance in their own houses to the palace music. And in this the palace is typical. There is a spark among the embers; from time to time the old volcano smokes. Edinburgh has but partly abdicated, and still wears, in parody, her metropolitan trappings. Half a capital and half a country town, the whole city leads a double existence; it has long trances of the one and flashes of the other; like the king of the Black Isles, it is half alive and half a monumental marble. There are armed men and cannon in the citadel overhead; you may see the troops marshalled on the high parade; and at night after the early winter evenfall, and in the morning before the laggard winter dawn, the wind carries abroad over Edinburgh the sound of drums and bugles. Grave judges sit bewigged in what was once the scene of imperial deliberations. Close by in the High Street perhaps the trumpets may sound about the stroke of noon; and you see a troupe of citizens in tawdry masquerade; tabard above, heather-mixed trouser below, and the men themselves trudging in the mud among unsympathetic bystanders. The grooms of a well-appointed circus tread the streets with a better presence. And yet these are the Heralds and Pursuivants of Scotland, who are about to proclaim a new law of the United Kingdom before two-score boys, and thieves and hackney-coachmen. Meanwhile every hour the bell of the University rings out over the hum of the streets, and every hour a double tide of students, coming and going, fills the deep archways. And lastly, one night in the springtime—or say one morning

rather, at the peep of day—late folk may hear voices of many men singing a psalm in unison from a church on one side of the old High Street; and a little after, or perhaps a little before, the sound of many men singing a psalm in unison from another church on the opposite side of the way. There will be something in the words about the dew of Hermon, and how goodly it is to see brethren dwelling together in unity. And the late folk will tell themselves that all this singing denotes the conclusion of two yearly ecclesiastical parliaments—the parliaments of Churches which are brothers in many admirable virtues, but not specially like brothers in this particular of a tolerant and peaceful life.

Again, meditative people will find a charm in a certain consonancy between the aspect of the city and its odd and stirring history. Few places, if any, offer a more barbaric display of contrasts to the eye. In the very midst stands one of the most satisfactory crags in nature—a Bass Rock upon dry land, rooted in a garden shaken by passing trains, carrying a crown of battlements and turrets, and describing its warlike shadow over the liveliest and brightest thoroughfare of the New Town. From their smoky beehives, ten stories high, the unwashed look down upon the open squares and gardens of the wealthy; and gay people sunning themselves along Princes Street, with its mile of commercial palaces all beflagged upon some great occasion, see, across a gardened valley set with statues, where the washings of the Old Town flutter in the breeze at its high windows. And then, upon all sides, what a clashing of architecture! In this one valley, where the life of the town goes most busily forward, there may be seen, shown one above and behind another by the accidents of the ground, buildings in almost every style upon the globe. Egyptian and Greek temples, Venetian palaces and Gothic spires, are huddled one over another in a most admired disorder; while,

above all, the brute mass of the Castle and the summit of Arthur's Seat look down upon these imitations with a becoming dignity, as the works of Nature may look down upon the monuments of Art. But Nature is a more indiscriminate patroness than we imagine, and in no way frightened of a strong effect. The birds roost as willingly among the Corinthian capitals as in the crannies of the crag; the same atmosphere and daylight clothe the eternal rock and yesterday's imitation portico; and as the soft northern sunshine throws out everything into a glorified distinctness—or easterly mists, coming up with the blue evening, fuse all these incongruous features into one, and the lamps begin to glitter along the street, and faint lights to burn in the high windows across the valley—the feeling grows upon you that this also is a piece of nature in the most intimate sense; that this profusion of eccentricities, this dream in masonry and living rock, is not a drop-scene in a theatre, but a city in the world of every-day reality, connected by railway and telegraph-wire with all the capitals of Europe, and inhabited by citizens of the familiar type, who keep ledgers, and attend church, and have sold their immortal portion to a daily paper. By all the canons of romance, the place demands to be half deserted and leaning toward decay; birds we might admit in profusion, the play of the sun and winds, and a few gypsies encamped in the chief thoroughfare; but these citizens, with their cabs and tramways, their trains and posters, are altogether out of key. Chartered tourists, they make free with historic localities, and rear their young among the most picturesque sites with a grand human indifference. To see them thronging by, in their neat clothes and conscious moral rectitude, and with a little air of possession that verges on the absurd, is not the least striking feature of the place.

—From *Edinburgh*.

THE CALTON HILL.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

These are the main features of the scene roughly sketched. How they are all tilted by the inclination of the ground, how each stands out in delicate relief against the rest, what manifold detail, and play of sun and shadow, animate and accentuate the picture, is a matter for a person on the spot, and turning swiftly on his heels, to grasp and bind together in one comprehensive look. It is the character of such a prospect, to be full of change and of things moving. The multiplicity embarrasses the eye; and the mind, among so much, suffers itself to grow absorbed with single points. You remark a tree in a hedgerow, or follow a cart along a country road. You turn to the city, and see children, dwarfed by distance into pigmies, at play about suburban doorsteps; you have a glimpse upon a thoroughfare where people are densely moving; you note ridge after ridge of chimney-stacks running down hill one behind another, and church spires rising bravely from the sea of roofs. At one of the innumerable windows, you watch a figure moving; on one of the multitude of roofs, you watch clambering chimney-sweeps. The wind takes a run and scatters the smoke; bells are heard, far and near, faint and loud, to tell the hour; or perhaps a bird goes dipping evenly over the housetops, like a gull across the waves. And here you are in the meantime, on this pastoral hillside, among nibbling sheep and looked upon by monumental buildings.

Return thither on some clear, dark, moonless night, with a ring of frost in the air, and only a star or two set sparsely in the vault of heaven; and you will find a sight as stimulating as the hoariest summit of the Alps. The solitude seems perfect; the patient astronomer, flat on his back

under the Observatory dome and spying heaven's secrets, is your only neighbor; and yet from all round you there come up the dull hum of the city, the tramp of countless people marching out of time, the rattle of carriages and the continuous keen jingle of the tramway bells. An hour or so before, the gas was turned on; lamplighters scoured the city; in every house, from kitchen to attic, the windows kindled and gleamed forth into the dusk. And so now, although the town lies blue and darkling on her hills, innumerable spots of the bright element shine far and near along the pavements and upon the high façades. Moving lights of the railway pass and repass below the stationary lights upon the bridge. Lights burn in the Jail. Lights burn high up in the tall *lands* and on the Castle turrets, they burn low down in Greenside or along the Park. They run out one beyond the other into the dark country. They walk in a procession down to Leith, and shine singly far along Leith Pier. Thus, the plan of the city and her suburbs is mapped out upon the ground of blackness, as when a child pricks a drawing full of pinholes and exposes it before a candle; not the darkest night of winter can conceal her high station and fanciful design; every evening in the year she proceeds to illuminate herself in honor of her own beauty; and as if to complete the scheme—or rather as if some prodigal Pharaoh were beginning to extend to the adjacent sea and country—half-way over to Fife, there is an outpost of light upon Inchkeith, and far to seaward, yet another on the May.

And while you are looking, across upon the Castle Hill, the drums and bugles begin to recall the scattered garrison; the air thrills with the sound; the bugles sing aloud; and the last rising flourish mounts and melts into the darkness like a star; a martial swan-song, fitly rounding in the labors of the day.

—From *Edinburgh*.

NARRATION.

THE FLIGHT IN THE HEATHER.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Sometimes we walked, sometimes ran; and as it drew on to morning, walked ever the less and ran the more. Though, upon its face, that country appeared to be a desert, yet there were huts and houses of the people, of which we must have passed more than twenty, hidden in quiet places in the hills. When we came to one of these, Alan would leave me in the way, and go himself and rap upon the side of the house and speak awhile at the window with some sleeper awakened. This was to pass the news; which, in that country, was so much of a duty that Alan must pause to attend to it even while fleeing for his life; and so well attended to by others that in more than half the houses where we called, they had already heard of the murder. In the others, as well as I could make out (standing back at a distance and hearing a strange tongue) the news was received with more of consternation than surprise.

For all our hurry, day began to come in while we were still far from any shelter. It found us in a prodigious valley, strewn with rocks and where ran a foaming river. Wild mountains stood around it; there grew there neither grass nor trees; and I have sometimes thought since then, that it may have been the valley called Glencoe, where the massacre was in the time of King William. But for the details

of our itinerary I am all to seek; our way lying now by short cuts, now by great detours; our pace being so hurried; our time of journeying usually by night; and the names of such places as I asked and heard being in the Gaelic tongue, and the more easily forgotten.

The first peep of morning, then, showed us this horrible place, and I could see Alan knit his brow.

"This is no fit place for you and me," he said. "This is a place they're bound to watch."

And with that he ran harder than ever down to the water-side, in a part where the river was split in two among three rocks. It went through with a horrid thundering that made my belly quake, and there hung over the lynn a little mist of spray. Alan looked neither to the right nor to the left, but jumped clean upon the middle rock and fell there on his hands and knees to cheek himself, for that rock was small and he might have pitched over on the far side. I had scarce time to measure the distance or to understand the peril before I had followed him, and he had caught and stopped me.

So there we stood, side by side upon a small rock slippery with spray, a far broader leap in front of us, and the river dinning upon all sides. When I saw where I was there came upon me a deadly sickness of fear, and I put my hand over my eyes. Alan took me and shook me; I saw he was speaking, but the roaring of the falls and the trouble of my mind prevented me from hearing; only I saw his face was red with anger, and that he stamped upon the rock. The same look showed me the water raging by and the mist hanging in the air; and with that, I covered my eyes again and shuddered.

The next minute Alan had set the brandy bottle to my lips, and forced me to drink about a gill, which sent the blood into my head again. Then putting his hands to his

mouth and his mouth to my ear he shouted "Hang or drown!" and turning his back upon me, leaped over the farther branch of the stream, and landed safe.

I was now alone upon the rock, which gave me the more room; the brandy was singing in my ears; I had this good example fresh before me, and just wit enough to see that if I did not leap at once, I should never leap at all. I bent low on my knees and flung myself forth, with that kind of anger of despair that has sometimes stood me in stead of courage. Sure enough, it was but my hands that reached the full length; these slipped, caught again, slipped again; and I was slithering back into the lynn, when Alan seized me, first by the hair, then by the collar, and with a great strain dragged me into safety.

Never a word he said, but set off running again for his life, and I must stagger to my feet and run after him. I had been weary before, but now I was sick and bruised, and partly drunken with the brandy; I kept stumbling as I ran, I had a stitch that came near to over-master me; and when at last Alan paused under a great rock that stood there among a number of others, it was none too soon for David Balfour.

A great rock I have said; but by rights it was two rocks leaning together at the top, both some twenty feet high, and at the first sight inaccessible. Even Alan (though you may say he had as good as four hands) failed twice in an attempt to climb them; and it was only at the third trial, and then by standing on my shoulders and leaping up with such force as I thought must have broken my collar-bone, that he secured a lodgment. Once there, he let down his leathern girdle; and with the aid of that, and a pair of shallow footholds in the rock, I scrambled up beside him.

Then I saw why we had come there; for the two rocks, both being somewhat hollow on the top and sloping one to

the other, made a kind of dish or saucer, where as many as three or four men might have lain hidden.

All this while, Alan had not said a word, and had run and climbed with such a savage, silent frenzy of hurry, that I knew he was in mortal fear of some miscarriage. Even now we were on the rock he said nothing, nor so much as relaxed the frowning look upon his face; but clapped flat down, and keeping only one eye above the edge of our place of shelter, scouted all round the compass. The dawn had come quite clear; we could see the stony sides of the valley, and its bottom, which was bestrewed with rocks, and the river, which went from one side to another, and made white falls; but nowhere the smoke of a house, nor any living creature but some eagles screaming round a cliff.

Then at last Alan smiled.

“Ay,” said he, “now we have a chance.”

—From *Kidnapped*.

OVER THE ANDES.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Did the reader ever hear of San Martin's march over the Andes into Chile? It is a feat worth looking at; comparable, most likely to Hannibal's march over the Alps, while there was yet no Simplon or Mont-Cenis highway; and it transacted itself in the year 1817. South American armies think little of picking their way through the gullies of the Andes; so the Buenos Ayres people having driven out their own Spaniards, and established the reign of freedom, though in a precarious manner, thought it were now good to drive the Spaniards out of Chile, and establish the reign of freedom there also instead: whereupon San Martin, commander at Mendoza, was appointed to do it. By way of preparation, for he began from afar, San Martin, while an army is getting ready at Mendoza, assembles at the fort of San Carlos by the Aguanda river, some days' journey to the south, all attainable tribes of the Pehuenche Indians, to a solemn Palaver, so they name it, and civic entertainment, on the esplanade there. The ceremonies and deliberations, as described by General Miller, are somewhat surprising: still more the concluding civic feast; which lasts for three days; which consists of horses' flesh for the solid part, and horses' blood with ardent spirits *ad libitum* for the liquid, consumed with such alacrity, with such results, as one may fancy. However, the women had prudently removed all the arms beforehand; nay, five or six of these poor women, taking it by turns, were always found in a sober state watching over the rest; so that comparatively little mischief was done, and only one or two deaths by quarrel took place.

The Pehuenches having drunk their ardent water and horses' blood in this manner, and sworn eternal friendship to San Martin, went home, and—communicated to his enemies, across the Andes, the road he meant to take. This was what San Martin had foreseen and meant, the knowing man! He hastened his preparations, got his artillery slung on poles, his men equipped with knapsacks and haversacks, his mules in readiness; and, in all stillness, set forth from Mendoza by another road. Few things in late war, according to General Miller, have been more noteworthy than this march. The long straggling line of soldiers, six thousand and odd, with their quadrupeds and baggage, winding through the heart of the Andes, breaking for a brief moment the old abysmal solitudes!—For you fare along, on some narrow roadway, through stony labyrinths; huge rock mountains, heaving over your head, on this hand; and under your feet, on that, the roar of mountain cataracts, horror of bottomless chasms; the very winds and echoes howling on you in an almost preternatural manner. Towering rock barriers rise sky-high before you, and behind you, and around you, intricate the outgate! The roadway is narrow, footing none of the best. Sharp turns there are, where it will behoove you to mind your paces; one false step, and you will need no second; in the gloomy jaws of the abyss you vanish, and the spectral winds howl requiem. Somewhat better are the suspension bridges, made of bamboo and leather, though they swing like seesaws; men are stationed with lassos, to gin you dexterously, and fish you up from the torrent, if you trip there.

Through this kind of country did San Martin march; straight towards San Iago, to fight the Spaniards and deliver Chile. For ammunition waggons he had sorras, sledges, canoe-shaped boxes, made of dried bull's hide. His cannons

were carried on the back of mules, each cannon on two mules judiciously harnessed; on the packsaddle of your foremost mule there rested with firm girths a long strong pole; the other end of which, forked end, we suppose, rested with like girths, on the packsaddle of the hindmost mule; your cannon was slung with leathern straps on this pole, and so travelled, swaying and dangling, yet moderately secure. In the knapsack of each soldier was eight days' provender: dried beef ground into snuff powder, with a modicum of pepper, and some slight seasoning of biscuit of maize meal; store of onions, of garlic, was not wanting; Paraguay tea could be boiled at eventide, by fire of scrub bushes, or almost of rock lichens or dried mule dung. No farther baggage was permitted; each soldier lay at night wrapped in his poncho, with his knapsack for pillow, under the canopy of heaven; lulled by hard travail, and sunk soon enough into steady nose melody, into the foolishlest rough colt dance of unimaginable Dreams. Had he not left much behind him in the Pampas—mother, mistress, what not; and was like to find somewhat, if he ever got across to Chile living? What an entity, one of those night leaguers of San Martin; all steadily snoring there, in the heart of the Andes, under the eternal stars! Way-worn sentries with difficulty keep themselves awake; tired mules chew barley rations, or doze on three legs; the feeble watch-fire will hardly kindle a cigar; Canopus and the Southern Cross glitter down, and all snores steadily begirt by granite deserts, looked on by the constellations in that manner! San Martin's improvident soldiers ate out their week's rations almost in half the time; and for the last three days had to rush on, spurred by hunger, this also the knowing San Martin had foreseen; and knew that they could bear it, these rugged Gauchos of his; nay that they would march all the faster for it. On the eighth day, hun-

gry as wolves, swift and sudden as a torrent from the mountains, they disembogued; straight towards San Iago, to the astonishment of men; struck the doubly astonished Spaniards into dire misgivings; and then, in pitched fight, after due manœuvres, into total defeat on the plains of Maypo, and again, positively for the last time, on the plains or heights of Chacabuco, and completed the deliverance of Chile, as was thought, for ever and a day.

—From *Essay on Dr. Francu.*

LE BLONDIN'S CONSPIRACY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Le Blondin had organized a great and extraordinary conspiracy. We don't know how far it went, how many hundreds or thousands it embraced; but strange were the stories told about the plot amongst us privates: for the news was spread from garrison to garrison, and talked of by the army, in spite of all the Government efforts to hush it up—hush it up, indeed! I have been of the people myself; I have seen the Irish rebellion, and I know what is the freemasonry of the poor.

He made himself the head of the plot. There were no writings nor papers. No single one of the conspirators communicated with any other than the Frenchman; but personally he gave his orders to them all. He had arranged matters for a general rising of the garrison, at twelve o'clock on a certain day: the guard-houses in the town were to be seized, the sentinels cut down, and—who knows the rest! Some of our people used to say that the conspiracy was spread through all Silesia, and that Le Blondin was to be made a general in the Austrian service.

At twelve o'clock, and opposite the guard-house by the Böhmer-Thor of Neiss, some thirty men were lounging about in their undress, and the Frenchman stood near the sentinel of the guard-house, sharpening a wood-hatchet on a stone. At the stroke of twelve, he got up, split open the sentinel's head with a blow of his axe, and the thirty men, rushing into the guard-house, took possession of the arms there, and marched at once to the

gate. The sentry there tried to drop the bar, but the Frenchman rushed up to him, and, with another blow of the axe, cut off his right hand with which he held the chain. Seeing the men rushing out armed, the guard without the gate drew up across the road to prevent their passage; but the Frenchman's thirty gave them a volley, charged them with the bayonet, and brought down several, and the rest flying, the thirty rushed on. The frontier is only a league from Neiss, and they made rapidly towards it.

But the alarm was given in the town, and what saved it was that the clock by which the Frenchman went was a quarter of an hour faster than any of the clocks in the town. The générale was beat, the troops called to arms, and thus the men who were to have attacked the other guard-houses were obliged to fall into the ranks, and their project was defeated. This, however, likewise rendered the discovery of the conspirators impossible, for no man could betray his comrade, nor, of course, would he criminate himself.

Cavalry was sent in pursuit of the Frenchman and his thirty fugitives, who were, by this time, far on their way to the Bohemian frontier. When the horse came up with them, they turned, received them with a volley and the bayonet, and drove them back. The Austrians were out at the barriers, looking eagerly on at the conflict. The women, who were on the look-out too, brought more ammunition to these intrepid deserters, and they engaged and drove back the dragoons several times. But in these gallant and fruitless combats much time was lost, and a battalion presently came up, and surrounded the brave thirty; when the fate of the poor fellows was decided. They fought with the fury of despair: not one of them asked for quarter. When their ammunition failed, they fought with the steel, and were shot down or bayoneted

where they stood. The Frenchman was the very last man who was hit. He received a bullet in the thigh, and fell, and in this state was overpowered, killing the officer who first advanced to seize him.

He and the very few of his comrades who survived were carried back to Neiss, and immediately, as the ringleader, he was brought before a council of war. He refused all interrogations which were made as to his real name and family. "What matters who I am?" said he; "you have me and will shoot me. My name would not save me were it ever so famous." In the same way he declined to make a single discovery regarding the plot. "It was all my doing," he said, "each man engaged in it only knew me, and is ignorant of every one of his comrades. The secret is mine alone, and the secret shall die with me." When the officers asked him what was the reason which induced him to meditate a crime so horrible, "It was your infernal brutality and tyranny," he said. "You are all butchers, ruffians, tigers, and you owe it to the cowardice of your men that you were not murdered long ago."

At this his captain burst into the most furious exclamations against the wounded man, and rushing up to him, struck him a blow with his fist. But Le Blondin, wounded as he was, as quick as thought seized the bayonet of one of the soldiers who supported him, and plunged it into the officer's breast. "Scoundrel and monster," said he, "I shall have the consolation of sending you out of the world before I die." He was shot that day. He offered to write to the king, if the officers would agree to let his letter go sealed into the hands of the postmaster; but they feared, no doubt, that something might be said to inculcate themselves, and refused him the permission. At the next review Frederic treated them, it is said, with

great severity, and rebuked them for not having granted the Frenchman his request. However, it was the king's interest to conceal the matter, and so it was, as I have said before, hushed up—so well hushed up, that a hundred thousand soldiers in the army knew it; and many's the one of us that has drunk to the Frenchman's memory over our wine, as a martyr for the cause of the soldier.

—From *The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.*

SAMSON.

And the woman bare a son, and called his name Samson: and the child grew, and Jehovah blessed him. . . . And Samson went down to Timnah, and saw a woman in Timnah of the daughters of the Philistines. And he came up, and told his father and his mother, and said, I have seen a woman in Timnah of the daughters of the Philistines: now therefore get her for me to wife. Then his father and his mother said unto him, Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all thy people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines? And Samson said unto his father, Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well. But his father and his mother knew not that it was of Jehovah; for he sought an occasion against the Philistines. Now at that time the Philistines had rule over Israel. Then went Samson down, and his father and his mother, to Timnah, and came to the vineyards of Timnah: and, behold, a young lion roared against him. And the Spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid: and he had nothing in his hand: but he told not his father or his mother what he had done. And he went down; and talked with the woman; and she pleased Samson well. And after awhile he returned to take her; and he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion: and, behold, there was a swarm of bees in the body of the lion, and honey. And he took it into his hands, and went on, eating as he went; and he came to his father and mother, and gave unto them, and they did eat: but he told them not that he had taken the honey out of the body of the lion.

And his father went down unto the woman: and Samson

made there a feast; for so used the young men to do. And it came to pass, when they saw him, they brought thirty companions to be with him. And Samson said unto them, Let me now put forth a riddle unto you: if ye can declare it unto me within the seven days of the feast, and find it out, then I will give you thirty linen garments and thirty changes of raiment; but if ye cannot declare it unto me, then shall ye give me thirty linen garments and thirty changes of raiment. And they said unto him, Put forth thy riddle, that we may hear it. And he said unto them,

Out of the eater came forth food,
And out of the strong came forth sweetness.

And they could not in three days declare the riddle.

And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they said unto Samson's wife, Entice thy husband, that he may declare unto us the riddle, lest we burn thee and thy father's house with fire: have ye called us to impoverish us? is it not so? And Samson's wife wept before him, and said, Thou dost but hate me, and lovest me not: thou hast put forth a riddle unto the children of my people, and hast not told it me. And he said unto her, Behold I have not told it to my father nor my mother, and shall I tell thee? And she wept before him the seven days, while their feast lasted: and it came to pass on the seventh day, that he told her, because she pressed him sore; and she told the riddle to the children of her people. And the men of the city said unto him on the seventh day before the sun went down, What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion? And he said unto them,

If ye had not plowed with my heifer,
Ye had not found out my riddle.

And the Spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon him, and he went down to Ashkelon, and smote thirty men of them,

and took their spoil, and gave the changes of raiment unto them that declared the riddle. And his anger was kindled, and he went up to his father's house. But Samson's wife was given to his companion, whom he had used as his friend.

But it came to pass after a while, in the time of wheat harvest, that Samson visited his wife with a kid; and he said, I will go in to my wife into the chamber. But her father would not suffer him to go in. And her father said, I verily thought that thou hadst utterly hated her; therefore I gave her to thy companion: is not her younger sister fairer than she? take her, I pray thee, instead of her. And Samson said unto them, This time shall I be blameless in regard of the Philistines, when I do them a mischief. And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes and took firebrands, and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between every two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing grain of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks and the standing grain, and also the oliveyards. Then the Philistines said, Who hath done this? And they said, Samson, the son-in-law of the Timnite, because he hath taken his wife, and given her to his companion. And the Philistines came up, and burnt her and her father with fire. And Samson said unto them, If ye do after this manner, surely I will be avenged of you, and after that I will cease. And he smote them hip and thigh with a great slaughter: and he went down and dwelt in a cleft of the rock of Etam.

Then the Philistines went up, and encamped in Judah, and spread themselves in Lehi. And the men of Judah said, Why are ye come up against us? And they said, To bind Samson are we come up, to do to him as he hath done to us. Then three thousand men of Judah went down to the cleft of the rock of Etam, and said to Samson, Knowest thou not that the Philistines are rulers over us? what then

is this that thou hast done unto us? And he said unto them, As they did unto me, so have I done unto them. And they said unto him, We are come down to bind thee, that we may deliver thee into the hand of the Philistines. And Samson said unto them, Swear unto me, that ye will not fall upon me yourselves. And they spake unto him, saying, No; but we will bind thee fast, and deliver thee into their hand: but surely we will not kill thee. And they bound him with two new ropes, and brought him up from the rock.

When he came unto Lehi, the Philistines shouted as they met him: and the Spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon him, and the ropes that were upon his arms became as flax that was burnt with fire, and his bands dropped from off his hands. And he found a fresh jawbone of an ass, and put forth his hand, and took it, and smote a thousand men therewith. And Samson said,

With the jawbone of an ass, heaps upon heaps,
With the jawbone of an ass have I smitten a thousand men.

And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking, that he cast away the jawbone out of his hand; and that place was called Ramath-lehi. And he was sore athirst, and called on Jehovah, and said, Thou hast given this great deliverance by the hand of thy servant; and now shall I die for thirst, and fall into the hands of the uncircumcised. But God clave the hollow place that is in Lehi, and there came water thereout; and when he had drunk, his spirit came again, and he revived: wherefore the name thereof was called En-Hakkore, which is in Lehi, unto this day. And he judged Israel in the days of the Philistines twenty years.

And Samson went to Gaza, and saw there a harlot, and went in unto her. And it was told the Gazites, saying, Samson is come hither. And they compassed him in, and

laid wait for him all night in the gate of the city, and were quiet all the night, saying, Let be till morning light, then we will kill him. And Samson lay till midnight, and arose at midnight, and laid hold of the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and plucked them up, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and earried them up to the top of the mountain that is called Hebron.

And it came to pass afterward, that he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah. And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her, Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him: and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver. And Delilah said unto Samson, Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth, and wherewith thou mightest be bound to afflict thee. And Samson said unto her, If they bind me with seven green withes that were never dried, then shall I become weak, and be as another man. Then the lords of the Philistines brought up to her seven green withes which had not been dried, and she bound him with them. Now she had liers-in-wait abiding in the inner chamber. And she said unto him, The Philistines are upon thee, Samson. And he broke the withes as a string of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire. So his strength was not known.

And Delilah said unto Samson, thou hast mocked me, and told me lies: now tell me, I pray thee, wherewith thou mightest be bound. And he said unto her, If they only bind me with new ropes wherewith no work hath been done, then shall I become weak, and be as another man. So Delilah took the new ropes, and bound him therewith, and said unto him, The Philistines are upon thee, Samson. And the liers-in-wait were abiding in the inner chamber. And he brake them from off his arms like a thread.

And Delilah said unto Samson, Hitherto hath thou mocked me, and told me lies: tell me wherewith thou mightest be bound. And he said unto her, If thou weavest the seven locks of my head with the web. And she fastened it with the pin, and said unto him, The Philistines are upon thee, Samson. And he awakened out of his sleep, and plucked away the pin of the beam, and the web.

And she said unto him, How canst thou say, I love thee, when thy heart is not with me? Thou hast mocked me these three times, and hast not told me wherein thy great strength lieth. And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, that his soul was vexed unto death. And he told her all his heart, and said unto her, There hath not come a razor upon my head; for I have been a Nazirite unto God from my mother's womb: if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man.

And when Delilah saw that he had told her all his heart, she sent and called for the lords of the Philistines, saying, Come up this once, for he hath told me all his heart. Then the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and brought the money in their hand. And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and shaved off the seven locks of his head; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him. And she said, The Philistines are upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out as at other times, and shake myself free. But he knew not that Jehovah was departed from him. And the Philistines laid hold on him, and put out his eyes; and they brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house. Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven.

And the lords of the Philistines gathered them together

to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice; for they said, Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand. And when the people saw him, they praised their god; for they said, Our god hath delivered into our hand our enemy, and the destroyer of our country, who hath slain many of us. And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made sport before them. And they set him between the pillars: and Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house resteth, that I may lean upon them. Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld while Samson made sport.

And Samson called unto Jehovah, and said, O Lord Jehovah, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes. And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house rested, and leaned upon them, the one with his right hand, the other with his left. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead that he slew at his death were more than they that he slew in his life. Then his brethren and all the house of his father came down, and took him, and brought him up, and buried him between Zorah and Esh-taol in the burying place of Manoah his father. And he judged Israel twenty years.

—From *The Bible: The Book of Judges.*

FINISTERRA.

GEORGE BORROW.

It was a beautiful autumnal morning when we left the *choza*, and pursued our way to Coreuvion. I satisfied our host by presenting him with a couple of pesetas, and he requested as a favor, that if on our return we passed that way, and were overtaken by the night, we would again take up our abode beneath his roof. This I promised, at the same time determining to do my best to guard against the contingency; as sleeping in the loft of a Gallegan hut, though preferable to passing the night on a moor or mountain, is anything but desirable.

So we again started at a rapid pace along rough bridle ways and footpaths, amidst furze and brushwood. In about an hour we obtained a view of the sea, and, directed by a lad whom we found on the moor employed in tending a few miserable sheep, we bent our course to the north-west, and at length reached the brow of an eminence, where we stopped for some time to survey the prospect which opened before us.

It was not without reason that the Latins gave the name of Finisterræ to this district. We had arrived at exactly such a place as in my boyhood I had pictured to myself as the termination of the world, beyond which there was a wild sea, or abyss, or chaos. I now saw far before me an immense ocean, and below me a long and irregular line of lofty and precipitous coast. Certainly in the whole world there is no bolder coast than the Gallegan shore, from the debouchement of the Minho to Cape Finisterra. It consists of a granite wall of savage mountains, for the most part

serrated at the top, and occasionally broken, where bays and firths like those of Vigo and Pontevedra intervene, running deep into the land. These bays and firths are invariably of an immense depth, and sufficiently capacious to shelter the navies of the proudest maritime nations.

There is an air of stern and savage grandeur in every thing around, which strongly captivates the imagination. This savage coast is the first glimpse of Spain which the voyager from the North catches, or he who has plowed his way across the vast Atlantic: and well does it seem to realize all his visions of this strange land. "Yes," he exclaims, "this is indeed Spain, stern, flinty, Spain—land emblematic of those spirits to which she has given birth. From what land but that before me could have proceeded those portentous beings who astounded the Old World and filled the New with horror and blood: Alba and Philip, Cortez and Pizarro: stern colossal spectres looming through the gloom of bygone years, like yonder granite mountains through the haze upon the eye of the mariner. Yes, yonder is indeed Spain; flinty, indomitable Spain; land emblematic of its sons!"

As for myself, when I viewed that wide ocean and its savage shore, I cried, "Such is the grave, and such are its terrific sides; those moors and wilds, over which I have passed, are the rough and dreary journey of life. Cheered with hope, we struggle along through all the difficulties of moor, bog, and mountain, to arrive at—what? The grave and its dreary sides. Oh, may hope not desert us in the last hour: hope in the redeemer and in God!"

We descended from the eminence, and again lost sight of the sea amidst ravines and dingles, amongst which patches of pine were occasionally seen. Continuing to descend, we at last came, not to the sea, but to the extremity of a long narrow firth, where stood a village or

hamlet; whilst at a small distance, on the western side of the firth, appeared one considerably larger, which was indeed almost entitled to the appellation of a town. This last was Corcuvion, where I bade my guide make inquiries respecting Finisterra. He entered the door of a wine-house, from which proceeded much noise and vociferation, and presently returned, informing me that the village of Finisterra was distant about a league and a half. A man, evidently in a state of intoxication, followed him to the door: "Are you bound for Finisterra, Cavalheiros?" he shouted.

"Yes, my friend," I replied, "we are going thither."

"Then you are going amongst a flock of drunkards (*fato de borrachos*)," he answered. "Take care that they do not play you a trick."

We passed on, and, striking across a sandy peninsula at the back of the town, soon reached the shore of an immense bay, the north-westernmost end of which was formed by the far-famed cape of Finisterra, which we now saw before us, stretching far into the sea.

Along a beach of dazzling white sand we advanced towards the cape, the bourne of our journey. The sun was shining brightly, and every object was illumined by his beams. The sea lay before us like a vast mirror, and the waves which broke upon the shore were so tiny as scarcely to produce a murmur. On we sped along the deep winding bay, overhung by gigantic hills and mountains. Strange recollections began to throng upon my mind. It was upon this beach that, according to the tradition of all ancient Christendom, Saint James, the patron saint of Spain, preached the gospel to the heathen Spaniards. Upon this beach had once stood an immense commercial city, the proudest in all Spain. This now desolate bay had once resounded with the voices of myriads, when the keels and

commerce of all the then known world were wafted to Duyo.

"What is the name of this village?" I said to a woman, as we passed by five or six ruinous houses at the bend of the bay, ere we entered upon the peninsula of Finisterra.

"This is no village," said the Gallegan, "this is no village, Sir Cavalier; this is a city, this is Duyo."

So much for the glory of the world! These huts were all that the roaring sea and the tooth of time had left of Duyo, the great city! Onward now to Finisterra.

It was mid-day when we reached the village of Finisterra, consisting of about one hundred houses, and built on the southern side of the peninsula, just before it rises into the huge bluff head which is called the Cape. We sought in vain for an inn or venta, where we might stable our beast; at one moment we thought that we had found one, and had even tied the animal to the manger. Upon our going out, however, he was instantly untied and driven forth into the street. The few people whom we saw appeared to gaze upon us in a singular manner. We, however, took little notice of these circumstances, and proceeded along the straggling street until we found shelter in the house of a Castilian shopkeeper, whom some chance had brought to this corner of Galicia,—this end of the world. Our first care was to feed the animal, who now began to exhibit considerable symptoms of fatigue. We then requested some refreshment for ourselves; and in about an hour, a tolerably savory fish, weighing about three pounds, and fresh from the bay, was prepared for us by an old woman who appeared to officiate as house-keeper. Having finished our meal, I and my uncouth companion went forth, and prepared to ascend the mountain.

We stopped to examine a small dismantled fort or battery facing the bay; and, whilst engaged in this examination,

it more than once occurred to me that we were ourselves the objects of scrutiny and investigation: indeed I caught a glimpse of more than one countenance peering upon us through the holes and chasms of the walls. We now commenced ascending Finisterra; and, making numerous and long detours, we wound our way up its flinty sides. The sun had reached the top of heaven, whence he showered upon us perpendicularly his brightest and fiercest rays. My boots were torn, my feet cut, and the perspiration streamed from my brow. To my guide, however, the ascent appeared to be neither toilsome nor difficult. The heat of the day for him had no terrors, no moisture was wrung from his tanned countenance; he drew not one short breath; and hopped upon the stones and rocks with all the provoking agility of a mountain goat. Before we had accomplished one half of the ascent, I felt myself quite exhausted. I reeled and staggered. "Cheer up, master mine, be of good cheer, and have no care," said the guide. "Yonder I see a wall of stones; lie down beneath it in the shade." He put his long and strong arm round my waist, and, though his stature compared with mine was that of a dwarf, he supported me as if I had been a child to a rude wall which seemed to traverse the greatest part of the hill, and served probably as a kind of boundary. It was difficult to find a shady spot: at last he perceived a small chasm, perhaps scooped by some shepherd as a couch in which to enjoy his siesta. In this he laid me gently down, and, taking off his enormous hat, began fanning me with great assiduity. By degrees I revived, and, after having rested for a considerable time, I again attempted the ascent, which, with the assistance of my guide, I at length accomplished.

We were now standing at a great altitude between two bays: the wilderness of waters before us. Of all the ten

thousand barks which annually plow those seas in sight of that old cape, not one was to be descried. It was a blue shiny waste, broken by no object save the black head of a spermaceti whale, which would occasionally show itself at the top, casting up thin jets of brine. The principal bay, that of Finisterra, as far as the entrance, was beautifully variegated by an immense shoal of *sardinhas*, on whose extreme skirts the monster was probably feasting. From the northern side of the cape we looked down upon a smaller bay, the shore of which was overhung by rocks of various and grotesque shapes; this is called the outer bay, or, in the language of the country, *Praia do mar de fora*: a fearful place in seasons of wind and tempest, when the long swell of the Atlantic pouring in is broken into surf and foam by the sunken rocks with which it abounds. Even in the calmest day there is a rumbling and a hollow roar in that bay which fill the heart with uneasy sensations.

On all sides there was grandeur and sublimity. After gazing from the summit of the cape for nearly an hour, we descended.

On reaching the house where we had taken up our temporary habitation, we perceived that the portal was occupied by several men, some of whom were reclining on the floor drinking wine out of small earthen pans, which are much used in this part of Galicia. With a civil salutation I passed on, and ascended the staircase to the room in which we had taken our repast. Here there was a rude and dirty bed, on which I flung myself, exhausted with fatigue. I determined to take a little repose, and in the evening to call the people of the place together, to read a few chapters of the Scripture, and then to address them with a little Christian exhortation. I was soon asleep, but my slumbers were by no means tranquil. I thought I was surrounded by difficulties of various kinds, amongst rocks

and ravines, vainly endeavoring to extricate myself; uncouth visages showed themselves amidst the trees and in the hollows, thrusting out cloven tongues, and uttering angry cries. I looked around for my guide, but could not find him; methought, however, that I heard his voice down a deep dingle. He appeared to be talking of me. How long I might have continued in these wild dreams I know not. I was suddenly, however, seized roughly by the shoulder and nearly dragged from the bed. I looked up in amazement, and by the light of the descending sun I beheld hanging over me a wild and uncouth figure; it was that of an elderly man, built as strong as a giant, with much beard and whisker, and huge bushy eyebrows, dressed in the habiliments of a fisherman; in his hand was a rusty musket.

Myself.—Who are you, and what do you want?

Figure.—Who I am matters but little. Get up and follow me; it is you I want.

Myself.—By what authority do you thus presume to interfere with me?

Figure.—By the authority of the *justicia* of Finisterra. Follow me peaceably, Calros, or it will be the worse for you.

“Calros,” said I, “what does the person mean?” I thought it, however, most prudent to obey his command, and followed him down the staircase. The shop and the portal were now thronged with the inhabitants of Finisterra, men, women, and children; the latter for the most part in a state of nudity, and with bodies wet and dripping, having been probably summoned in haste from their gambols in the brine. Through this crowd the figure whom I have attempted to describe pushed his way with an air of authority.

On arriving in the street, he laid his heavy hand upon my arm, not roughly however. “It is Calros! it is Calros!”

said a hundred voices; "he has come to Finisterra at last, and the *justicia* has now got hold of him." Wondering what all this could mean, I attended my strange conductor down the street. As we proceeded, the crowd increased every moment, following and vociferating. Even the sick were brought to the doors to obtain a view of what was going forward, and a glance at the redoubtable Calros. I was particularly struck by the eagerness displayed by one man, a cripple, who, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, mixed with the crowd, and having lost his crutch, hopped forward on one leg, exclaiming,—"*Carracho! tambien voy yo!*"

We at last reached a house of rather larger size than the rest; my guide having led me into a long low room, placed me in the middle of the floor, and then hurrying to the door, he endeavored to repulse the crowd who strove to enter with us. This he effected, though not without considerable difficulty, once or twice being compelled to have recourse to the butt of his musket to drive back unauthorized intruders. I now looked round the room. It was rather scantily furnished; I could see nothing but some tubs and barrels, the mast of a boat, and a sail or two. Seated upon the tubs were three or four men coarsely dressed, like fishermen or shipwrights. The principal personage was a surly ill-tempered looking fellow of about thirty-five, whom eventually I discovered to be the *alcalde* of Finisterra, and lord of the house in which we now were. In a corner I caught a glimpse of my guide, who was evidently in durance, two stout fishermen standing before him, one with a musket, the other with a boat-hook. After I had looked about me for a minute, the *alcalde*, giving his whiskers a twist, thus addressed me:—

"Who are you, where is your passport, and what brings you to Finisterra?"

Myself.—I am an Englishman. Here is my passport, and I came to see Finisterra.

This reply seemed to discomfit them for a moment. They looked at each other, then at my passport. At length the alcalde, striking it with his finger, bellowed forth:

“This is no Spanish passport; it appears to be written in French.”

Myself.—I have already told you that I am a foreigner. I of course carry a foreign passport.

Alcalde.—Then you mean to assert that you are not Calros Rey.

Myself.—I have never heard before of such a king, nor indeed of such a name.

Alcalde.—Hark to the fellow: he has the audacity to say that he has never heard of Calros the pretender, who calls himself king.

Myself.—If you mean by Calros, the pretender Don Carlos, all I can say is that you can scarcely be serious. You might as well assert that yonder poor fellow, my guide, whom I see you have made prisoner, is his nephew, the infante Don Sebastian.

Alcalde.—See, you have betrayed yourself; that is the very person we suppose him to be.

Myself.—It is true that they are both hunchbacks. But how can I be like Don Carlos? I have nothing the appearance of a Spaniard, and I am nearly a foot taller than the pretender.

Alcalde.—That makes no difference; you of course carry many waistcoats about you, by means of which you disguise yourself, and appear tall or low according to your pleasure.

This last was so conclusive an argument that I had of course nothing to reply to it. The alcalde looked around him in triumph, as if he had made some notable discovery.

"Yes, it is Calros: it is Calros," said the crowd at the door. "It will be as well to have these men shot instantly," continued the alcalde; "if they are not the two pretenders, they are at any rate two of the factious."

"I am by no means certain that they are either one or the other," said a gruff voice.

The *justicia* of Finisterra turned their eyes in the direction from which these words proceeded, and so did I. Our glances rested upon the figure who held watch at the door. He had planted the barrel of his musket on the floor, and was now leaning his chin against the butt.

"I am by no means certain that they are either one or the other," repeated he, advancing forward. "I have been examining this man," pointing to myself, "and listening whilst he spoke, and it appears to me that after all he may prove an Englishman; he has their very look and voice. Who knows the English better than Antonio de la Trava, and who has a better right? Has he not sailed in their ships; has he not eaten their biscuit; and did he not stand by Nelson when he was shot dead?"

Here the alcalde became violently incensed. "He is no more an Englishman than yourself," he exclaimed; "if he were an Englishman would he have come in this manner, skulking across the land? Not so, I trow. He would have come in a ship, recommended to some of us, or to the Catalans. He would have come to trade—to buy; but nobody knows him in Finisterra, nor does he know anybody: and the first thing, moreover, that he does when he reaches this place is to inspect the fort, and to ascend the mountain, where no doubt he has been marking out a camp. What brings him to Finisterra if he is neither a Calros nor a *bríbon* of a *faccioso*?"

I felt that there was a good deal of justice in some of these remarks, and I was aware, for the first time, that I

had, indeed, committed a great imprudence in coming to this wild place, and among these barbarous people, without being able to assign any motive which could appear at all valid in their eyes. I endeavored to convince the alcalde that I had come across the country for the purpose of making myself acquainted with the many remarkable objects which it contained, and of obtaining information respecting the character and condition of the inhabitants. He could understand no such motives. "What did you ascend the mountain for?" "To see prospects." "*Disparáte!* I have lived at Finisterra forty years, and have never ascended that mountain. I would not do it in a day like this for two ounces of gold. You went to take altitudes, and to mark out a camp." I had, however, a staunch friend in old Antonio, who insisted, from his knowledge of the English, that all I had said might very possibly be true. "The English," said he, "have more money than they know what to do with, and on that account they wander all over the world, paying dearly for what no other people care a groat for." He then proceeded, notwithstanding the frowns of the alcalde, to examine me in the English language. His own entire knowledge of this tongue was confined to two words—*knife* and *fork*, which words I rendered into Spanish by their equivalents, and was forthwith pronounced an Englishman by the old fellow, who, brandishing his musket, exclaimed:—

"This man is not Calros; he is what he declares himself to be, an Englishman, and whosoever seeks to injure him shall have to do with Antonio de la Trava, *el valiente de Finisterra.*"

—From *The Bible in Spain*.

LIFE AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY IN THE EARLY SIXTIES.

NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER.

Thus far, I have said little of my life as a closet student, so that the effect of this writing may be to give the impression that my days were spent in divagations. I find no students in this day who work at anything like the rate the better part of Agassiz's following did in that time. It was my custom to get to my work by eight in the morning, and to keep at it until one o'clock; we then had dinner, and expected to be again at our desks by half-past two, working there usually until dark, or at least until five o'clock. We then went to the gymnasium or had boxing-matches, as we fancied, for half an hour. At six we supped, and then got to work in our rooms. We managed to get about seventy hours a week of pretty solid business. Once a week, or oftener, we had our club-meetings, and after them—they usually ended about midnight—we had dance music from an old piano in our common room and a Virginia reel with shouts to wake the dead. These midnight uproars sometimes brought us near to trouble. There was no proctor in our building, for we ranked as graduates, but across the way, in Divinity Hall, proctored Mr. Sibley, the Librarian of the College, the most proper and irascible of good fellows. He often reported us for disorder, but fortunately there dwelt in a cottage much nearer a dear old gentleman, a Mr. Charles Sanders, who happily slept marvellously well and who, moreover, had not forgotten what it was to be a boy. He was always ready to testify that we were the best-behaved lot of youngsters that ever

were in college. As the College had expectations from the old man, in part realized by the bequest which built the theatre, his evidence had full weight. Besides, we managed to work up the theory that Sibley was subjected to nightmares combined with somnambulism, and that the rackets he heard were really of his own making and by delusion referred to his neighbors.

Our routine work in our several subjects consisted primarily in comparing a succession of species so as to obtain a general idea of the animal kingdom; this comparison was applied first to their general morphology, as seen from the outside, and then by dissection to their internal parts. As a guide to this we took Cuvier's *Le Règne Animal*, the idea being to obtain something like the general understanding of that master as to the range of forms. In this task I made a tolerably near acquaintance with perhaps two hundred species, and compared them, as far as convenient, with their kindred as shown by specimen plates and descriptions. This work was necessarily crude, but it was enlarging, because we followed the changes of shape and structure, and came to have a general understanding of animals which students rarely attain in the modern method of intense study. As I was intending to ask for my degree in geology it was my further task to trace back the history of the living groups through the geological successions, and to acquire a knowledge as to the several horizons as well as the distribution of their strata over the earth's surface. I had also to get up the history of geology, using D'Archiac's work as a foundation and to trace out the development of the several important geological hypotheses, and also to acquaint myself with mineralogy and crystallography, using Brandont's work as a basis, and helping myself from the good teaching of Professor J. P. Cooke.

Besides the general knowledge of our subjects which Agassiz required, we were expected to obtain a rather specialized acquaintance with some considerable group of animals. The group assigned to me was the Brachipoda, which had interested me from childhood—almost from infancy. This order I came in the course of three years to know pretty well. At the end of my task I had personally examined specimens of more than three-fourths of the described species, and read practically all the literature on the subject. I believe that I could have given a fair account of at least ninety-five per cent. of the species which had been described, and tabulated the synonymy reasonably well. I dissected representations of recent species, and did like work with some twenty species of fossil forms, by slicing specimens on the lathe and treating with acids.

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In our evenings it was a habit once a week to meet there together, to take up some book outside of our main pursuit. One would read and two take notes; at the next meeting, we drew straws to determine who should give a summary of the last week's reading. If in the opinion of the majority his task was not well done, the delinquent was subject to a curious fine, in that he was required to look up some subject in the library and report upon it. In this way, we read in the course of three years several important works. Of these I recall J. S. Mill's *Logic*, his *Political Economy*, and Lyell's *Principles of Geology*. Of amusement we had not much, save the one hour of frolic before bed at midnight. Now and then we went to hear music. When I came to Cambridge I had a passion for the theatre; my father, being a wise man, told me to go as often as I desired to, with the result that I went about every night for a month, and afterward rarely, almost never, except to see one of four actors,—Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, Sal-

vini, and Charlotte Cushman. Except with such actors on the stage, the theatres bored me insufferably then and ever since. A few years ago I was taken by a friend to a rather famous play, but had to leave in the middle of the performance and wait in the railway station for an hour for the going of my train. To operas I went for the music, generally choosing a place where I could comfortably avoid seeing the actors.

It was our custom in going to the theatre or opera to make up a gang of a dozen or more, march into the Boston Theatre, and go to the uppermost part of the gallery, which was then called in students' phrase, "Olympus." Sometimes we had trouble with its denizens, for the ancient hatred between gown and town had not been forgotten. Once or twice there was fighting, but several of our side were good at it, so we were never driven out. After the performance, which on theatre nights cost twenty-five cents, and on those of opera fifty, we had a bit of supper at Brigham's oyster-shop, and then tramped home singing. Only once do I recall any trouble with the police, and that was not provoked by us. A silly "peeler" ordered us to stop singing and made a vain effort to enforce his order, a performance which led to his considerable discomfort.

Once or twice a year our gang used to go fishing. A schooner was chartered, and we sailed to some ground outside the Harbor, caught what fish happened on our hooks, and had them cooked on shore, sometimes at some inn and sometimes in a rough way by ourselves. I distinctly recall only the last of these rather tedious outings, in the spring of 1861, and that because of a fatiguing incident. Our party was large, some fifty or more. When we rendezvoused at the wharf where the steamer lay, the tide was low and the craft ran aground with two hours to wait for it to float. As it was about two o'clock in the night and

very chill, it was proposed that we march through the streets to keep warm, and for the fun of it we agreed to answer no questions the police would put to us, but to keep perfectly mum, even if we had to tussle with them to do it without a word. Setting out, we marched in good order; we had been in a drill club for two years or so, so we marched well. Presently we were accosted, but without seeming to hear the question. Soon there were a dozen of the guardians marching beside us full of wonder and of doubt what to do. We were in no wise disturbing the peace; their only evident part, therefore, was to join the procession. At the end of the five mile tramp we came back to the ship to find it afloat. Our spokesman then thanked the officers for their services as escort, and hoped they felt better for the much-needed exercise we had afforded them.

There was very little "larking" among our lot; practical jokes were voted stupid, and only one such stays by me. There was a half-crazy impostor who used to bother us with his speeches and his solicitations to buy a copy of his poem on Bunker Hill. You had to buy the poem, for the alternative was to kill him and leave town. Threats, duckings, moderate drubbings had no effect whatever. Finally, we had our revenge by persuading the fellow that there was to be a great meeting after midnight in front of the old State House in Boston to hear him speak. A small, silent audience was provided, and also a ladder; he was taken to the place in a carriage and swiftly urged up the ladder and placed in the balcony about twenty feet from the ground. The multitude then departed, taking the ladder with them. It was so quickly done that there were no police to interfere. Their wonder was great when they found the wight in his rostrum bawling to an imaginary throng. Save in one instance, among the students with whom I had any intimate association in that day there was

no vice. There were several, of whom I became by one chance and another caretaker, who were rakehells, but so far as I recall, they were all College or Law School men. Our general decency was, I think, due in large measure to the fact that we worked hard and that the fellows who did not do so were quickly elided. Something may be attributed to the fact that we were not watched by proctors or forced to do anything. We thus came to rule ourselves and to look after one another; it was a little brotherhood well knit together.

I had much diversion from a small collection of living animals which I gathered in a fenced area of about half an acre behind our club-house: a hedgehog, a porcupine, a weasel, turtles, and, above all, serpents,—all the local species, including rattle-snakes from Mount Tom, and a few foreign forms. One notable accession was a boa-constrictor of small size, about ten feet long. This collection gave me great pleasure, but some care and expense. It was much resorted to by visitors, being unhappily the only open-air free show of animals ever existing about Boston. On Sunday afternoons there would be a throng of interested people to see the little exhibition. It found an odd finish through the horror inspired by the serpents. A rumor got out that a python thirty feet in length had escaped from the collection and was winding up and down of nights, seeking whom it should devour. Fancy located it for a time under a cellarless schoolhouse in Somerville, a neighboring town. I was advised by the chief of police that I had better allay the excitement by making an end of my amusement. So the harmless creatures went into safe-keeping in alcohol.

That there was no danger from the escape of the captives is shown by the fact that but one of them got out of bounds in the two years they were kept. One night when I made

the round of the cages, a hedgehog was missing. There was a tracking snow on the ground; so a dozen of us started with lanterns to run it down, and at the end of our run we recaptured it. Years afterward, my colleague the venerated Professor Henry W. Torrey used often to tell me of his sore experience with a gang of ruffians who at midnight came over his back fence and with torches searched his premises through and went on. It was evidently a painful episode in his quiet academic life, one that showed the latent iniquity of human society; the memory of it stayed by him until his death some thirty years later. The profit I have had from my little experiments with captive animals, and a lifelong close connection with our barnyard creatures, has shown me that one cannot be a real biologist without such opportunities. It is possible for a student to gain a vast amount of detailed knowledge of forms by closet methods, but this learning may and generally does leave out the essence of the creatures it relates to, which is the soul that has shaped and been shaped by their structure. The naturalist needs both of these modes of contact with his data, but if it be but one it had best be that which does not relate to the anatomical features alone. Thus in the case of Alfred Russel Wallace, who seems never to have dissected anything, to have indeed a horror of such work, he made himself a naturalist of most excellent quality, indeed of rare discernment, by attending solely to the external shapes and habits of living things.

It may interest my readers to know something of my expenditures during my undergraduate days; this story may be shortly told. When I came to Cambridge I was allowed from my family out of money coming from my grandfather, Richard Southgate, the excessively large sum of fifteen hundred dollars a year; equivalent on the basis of the existing college ideals to about five thousand dollars.

I managed to get rid of this money each year without what would be called extravagance, yet with no fit care to the budget. Some of it went for books, much for subscriptions for various, not unreasonable but unnecessary, associate purposes of my mates. Some of it in loans to my mates which were never repaid, mainly because the coming on of the war broke up their plans. I don't recall having wasted any part of my substance, but I had the notion that it did not befit a gentleman to be very careful of his pocket. When the war came on I had to take in sail, for the sources of means of my family were reduced and in danger of being cut off altogether. Though I had a few thousand dollars in banks in Boston and Cambridge, it seemed fit to keep this fund as a protection for those who would be helpless in case Kentucky should be swept into the ruin the South in my opinion had to face. In the last year of my residence I spent less than one hundred and fifty dollars, earned my room-rent and tuition by work in the Museum, and wore my old clothes. The club table in Zoölogical Hall was abandoned; there were too few left to keep it up. For a while we followed the plan of getting a dinner at a boarding-house kept by a motherly old woman, a Miss McGee. It stood on the site now occupied by St. John's Chapel on Brattle Street. To it most of Agassiz's pupils resorted, as did some of his assistants.

I think it was at this time, in the autumn of 1861, that for a while I took my dinner at the Brattle House, then a forlorn kind of hotel where a few students went; afterward it was the University Press; like many another edifice of that time, it has vanished. At my table there was only one other person, a shy fellow of about my age with whom I tried in vain to make effective acquaintance. I took a fancy to him as I thought he did to me, but his diffidence was a bar. I learned that his name was Green,

and that he came from New York way. I was piqued by my unaccustomed failure to get on with a chap I fancied, but I soon forgot all about him. Twenty years after when at a club dinner I was holding forth on the evils of self-consciousness, I described my experience with Green, presenting him as a gangling, red-headed, freckle-faced, goggle-eyed chap, who blushed whenever he was spoken to, who had probably been shamed out of activities through his preposterous sense of himself. Then John Fiske, who had been leaning across the table evidently admiring the droll picture of the vaunted Green, said, "Why that was me!" Then it came out, what I had not before known, that for family reasons he had changed his name, and with it, it seemed, his very nature; for I could not find save in his intelligence a trace of Green in Fiske. I saw many wonderful changes in my friends who went into the Civil War, swiftly evolved in the intense environment to which they were subjected, but none equal to that which had transmuted the soft and callow youth to my solid and permanently substantial friend.

After a time, we Southerners, half a dozen in number, found that we could save still further by cooking all our meals in our rooms, and for some months we followed this plan. The result was that we were underfed, and suffered from it; as is shown by the fact that we got into the habit of taking a whiskey toddy before going to bed. It was, indeed, the only time in my life that I have felt the need of that whip. The hardest kind of work in the open air, when bacon and beans and the like were at hand, has never led me to feel the need of alcohol. This period of imperfect nutrition, combined with arduous study and with the exhaustion due to the Anticosti expedition, which came just before it, brought me lower in health than I had been since my childhood. I suffered very severely from indigestion,

especially from the effect of the malady on the heart, in the shape of intermissions and irregularities, which often made it necessary for me to sit the night out in a chair; all this coming at a time of much worry on account of the war and because of my preparation for examination for my degree. Except for an essential toughness which has stood me in good stead, I should certainly have broken my health in a permanent way by this combination of scanty diet and hard labor.

—From *The Autobiography of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler*.

SABRINA FAIR.

HENRY WOODD NEVINSON.

“High the vanes of Shrewsbury gleam,
Islanded in Severn Stream;
The bridges from the steepled crest
Cross the water east and west.

“The flag of morn in conqueror’s state
Enters at the English gate:
The vanquished eve, as night prevails,
Bleeds upon the road to Wales.”

—*A Shropshire Lad.*

In my old school upon the Severn, I can see now that we were not educated at all: no scientific methods were tried upon us. I doubt if any of the masters had ever heard there was such a thing as a science of education. To them education was a natural process which all decent people went through, like washing: and their ideas upon it were as unscientific as was our method of “swilling,” when we ran down naked from the bedrooms to sheds in the backyards, sluiced cold water over us with zinc basins, and then came dripping back to dry upstairs. And yet I do remember one young mathematician whose form by the end of his hour was always reduced to a flushed and radiant chaos: and when the other masters complained he replied that this was part of his “system.” So I suppose that he at all events was scientific, and had possibly studied Pädagogik in Germany.

The others were content to teach what they had learned, and in the same manner. Most of them were Shrewsbury boys themselves, and because Greek had been taught there

for more than three centuries, they taught Greek. Of course, we had Latin too, and up to the sixth form, our time was equally divided between the two languages; but Latin, as being easier and rather more connected with modern life, never ranked so high, and we turned to it with the relief which most men feel when the ladies rise from the dinner table. Latin prose, it is true, was thought more of than Greek prose, and no doubt there was some instinctive reason why. I suspect that in reality it is the more difficult: for it was the unconscious rule of our ancient tradition that of two subjects the more difficult was the better worth learning, provided always that both were entirely useless.

Of Greek our knowledge was both peculiar and limited. We were allowed no devices to make the language in the least interesting, no designs, or pictures, or explanations. We had no idea what the Greek plays looked like on the stage, or why Demosthenes uttered those long-winded sentences. We knew nothing of the Dantesque pride underlying the tortured prose of Thucydides, and when a sixth-form master told us that the stupendous myth at the end of the *Phædo* appeared to him singularly childish, we took no notice of the remark one way or the other. We only knew that the passage was easy, just as Homer was easy, and the choruses hard. The greater part of the school believed that Greek literature was written as a graduated series of problems for Shrewsbury boys to solve, and when a sixth-form boy was asked by a new master whether he did not consider the *Prometheus* a very beautiful play, he replied that he thought it contained too many weak *cæsuras*.

So there was nothing in the least artistic about our knowledge. No one expected to find either beauty or pleasure in what we read, and we found none. Nor were

we scientific; we neither knew nor cared how the Greek words arose, or how the aorists grew, and why there were two of them, like Castor and Pollux. After all these things do the Germans seek, but us they never troubled. Our sole duty was to convert, with absolute precision, so much Greek into so much English. No possible shade of meaning or delicate inflection on the page was allowed to slide unnoticed. The phases of every mood with all its accompanying satellites were traced with the exactitude of astronomy. No one cared much about beauty of language provided the definite meaning was secure. Yet beauty sometimes came by accident, just as happiness comes, and I first learned what style is from the renderings of the head-boy when he mounted the "rostrum." He was himself an antique Roman; his eagle nose, wide mouth, and massive chin, the low, broad brow, with black curls growing close to the square-backed head, were made to rule nations. But not long since he died in the serviceable obscurity of a mastership, for which his knowledge of Greek was his only qualification. It is true he was our captain of football, but he owed that position to his Greek rather than his play.

When as a new boy I was first taken for a walk out of bounds on a Sunday afternoon by one of the upper sixth, who is now an earthly saint, we went to a hillside with a long blue vision of western mountains, and while I had no thought or eyes for anything but them, he continued to talk quietly of Greek—the significance of various forms, the most telling way of turning this meaning or that, especially, I remember, the cunning idioms by which the idea of "self" might be rendered in verse, either with emphasis or modesty. So it was. The school breathed Greek, and through its ancient buildings a Greek wind blew. To enter the head-room—a dim, panelled chamber which the

upper sixth used as a study—was to become a scholar. I doubt if good Greek verse could be written anywhere else. Winged iambics fluttered through the air; they hung like bats along the shelves, and the dust fell in Greek particles. Now the school is moved to the further side of the river, and its grey and storied stone is exchanged for cheerful brick. Our old head-room has become the housekeeper's parlor in some citizen's dwelling, but on the hearthstone at eventide beside her petticoats squats the imperishable Lar, real as a rat, though not so formidable, and murmurs iambics to himself.

Other subjects besides Greek were taught, but no one ever learned them. There was French, for instance, taught by an aged Englishman who had outlived three generations of mortal head-masters, and, besides his wig, was supposed gradually to have acquired an artificial body that would last forever. To us he was important because he registered the punishments, and had the reputation of a very bloodhound for detecting crime. Certainly he was the best comic reader I ever heard, and when he read prayers at night the whole school used to howl like a rising and falling wind, following the cadence of his voice. But nobody learned French of him. Once, because I had shown him decent politeness he assigned me a prize. I could honestly say I knew less French than any one this side the Channel; and yet I should never have outlived a certain stigma attaching to my imaginary knowledge of anything so paltry, if nature had not given me the power of running long distances without fatigue. But, unhappily for me, to prove that power I had to wait from summer till autumn, when the school huntsman led out his pack in white to scour the wild country west of the town—a country of yellow woods and deep pools, where water-fowl rose, and of isolated limestone hills, the promise of Wales. Each run followed

a course fixed by old tradition. Foxes were seldom sent out, and were never supposed to be caught. We ran for the sake of running, just as we learned Greek for the sake of learning it.

Mathematics were held in scarcely less contempt than French. We had two wranglers to teach us, but they never taught anyone. Their appearance in form was hailed with indecent joy. As one of the classical masters said, it was like the "Cease fire" on a field-day, and the whole body of boys abandoned themselves at once to relaxation. In the lower forms far-sailing darts were seen floating through the air as at a spiritualist séance; in the upper we discussed the steeple-chase or did Greek verses. A boy who really knew any mathematics was regarded by ourselves and the masters as a kind of freak. There was no dealing with him. His mathematical marks got him into forms beyond his real knowledge—his knowledge of Greek. He upset the natural order of things. He was a perpetual ugly duckling, that could not emit iambs. So his lot was far from enviable, and happily I remember only two such cases.

In the sixth, it was Saturday mornings which were given to this innocent pursuit of mathematics, and to it we owed our happiest hours of peace. To go up School Gardens on a bright summer day, to cross the leisurely street of the beautiful country-town, to buy breakfast (for an ancient tradition kept us strenuously underfed), to devour it slowly and at ease, knowing there was only mathematics before us that morning, to be followed by the long afternoon and Sunday—that was a secure and unequalled joy, and whenever mathematics are mentioned, I still feel a throb of gratitude for those old pleasures. Our one lesson on Sunday was a difficulty to the masters. Of course there was the Greek testament to fall back upon, but its Greek

was so easy and so inferior to ours that it became a positive danger. We were sometimes given a Latin catechism, by some Protestant Father of the sixteenth century, denouncing Transubstantiation, but that also we had to read with caution lest it should influence our Latin prose. Once we waded through Dr. Westcott's *Gospel of the Resurrection*, a supposed concession to those of us who were going to Oxford. On Sunday evenings we learnt cantos of the *In Memoriam* by heart, and explained them next morning by suggesting how they might be turned into Greek or Latin lyrics. Then the real labor of life began again with Greek, and so the weeks rolled on without a change. Once, it is true, our greatest master got an afternoon hour for the teaching of wisdom to the sixth, and we really tried to listen, for he stood six foot four and had been captain of football at Oxford. But it was no good. Wisdom was far too easy and unimportant for us, and we let her voice cry in vain. Of such diversions as physical science or mechanics we never even heard, though their absence was perhaps sufficiently compensated for by the system of fagging, under which all the lower forms learnt the arts of lighting fires and plain cooking for the upper sixth. The new-boys were also practised in public oratory, having in turn to proclaim the athletic announcements for the day, standing on the breakfast-table. The proclamation began with "O-Yes!" three times repeated, and ended with "God save the Queen, and down with the Radicals!" Anyone was at liberty to throw bread, sugar, or boots at the crier during his announcement; and many of my schoolfellows have since displayed extraordinary eloquence on public platforms and in the pulpit.

In politics our instruction was entirely practical. For centuries the school had been divided into bitterly hostile camps—day-boys and boarders—doing the same work, sit-

ting side by side in form, but never speaking to each other or walking together, or playing the same games. No feud of Whig and Tory, or Boer and Briton, was so implacable as ours. "Skytes" we called them, those hated day-boys, for whom the school was founded—mere Scythians, uncouth and brutish things that sacrificed the flesh of men and drank from a human skull. Out of school hours we did not suffer them within school gates. They were excluded even from the ball-court, except for fights. They were compelled to pay for separate football and cricket fields; and in football they adopted the vulgar rules of Association, while we aristocrats of tradition continued to cherish an almost incomprehensible game, in which, as in a Homeric battle, the leaders did the fighting, while the indistinguishable host trampled to and fro in patient pursuit of a ball which they rarely touched, but sometimes saw. The breach may have begun when Elizabeth was Queen, or in the days of Cavaliers and Roundheads, and there is no knowing how long it would have lasted but for the wisdom of that wise master already mentioned. Whilst I was still there, myself a red-hot boarder, he began delicately to reason, amid the choking indignation of both sides, whose rancor increased as reason shook it. No reformer ever set himself to a task so hopeless, and yet it was accomplished. Within a year we were playing football under Association rules together, and before the old school was removed the wrath of ages was appeased.

For the rest, I cannot say that the ingenuous art of Greek, though we learnt it faithfully, softened our manners much, or forbade us to be savages. One peculiar custom may stand for many as an instance of the primitive barbarity which stamps upon any abnormal member of a herd. Since the last Pancratium was fought at Olympia, no such dire contest has been seen among men as our old steeple-

chase. Clad in little but gloves—a little which grew less with every hundred yards—the small band of youths tore their way through bare and towering hedges, wallowed through bogs, plunged into streams and ponds, racing over a two miles of country that no horse would have looked at. The start was at the Flash side of the Severn, and if I had cleared the first stream and the hedge beyond it with one clean bound, as my young brother did, I would have it engraved on my tombstone: “He jumped the Flash ditch. R. I. P.” The winner of the race was, of course, the boy who came in first; but the hero of the school was he from whom the most blood was trickling at the finish, and who showed the bravest gashes on his face as he walked down the choir of St. Mary’s at next morning’s service. The course for the display of all this heroism was marked by the new boys, whose places as “sticks” were allotted by the huntsman the day before, the whole school accompanying them, and by immemorial custom the most unpopular new-boy of the year was always set at the last post,—a slippery stump of ancient tree projecting in the very midst of a particularly filthy pond. As we drew nearer and nearer the place, all of us advancing at a gentle trot, one could see the poor creature growing more and more certain that he was the boy. We all exchanged smiles, and sometimes his name was called out, for all, except himself, had agreed who it would probably be. At last the pond was reached, and we stood round it in a thick and silent circle, awaiting the public execution of a soul. The boy’s name was called. He came sullenly forward and made a wild leap for the stump. Invariably he fell short, or slipped and plunged headlong into the stagnant water, whilst we all yelled with satisfaction. Wallowing through the black slush and duckweed, he clambered on to the tree at last, and stood there in the public gaze, declared the most hateful boy in the

school. Upon himself the ceremony had not always the elevating effect at which, I suppose, we aimed. For I remember one disappointed moralist in the fourth form remarking, "Frog's pond doesn't seem to have done that fellow any good. He wants kicking again."

It is all gone now—Frog's pond, the steeple-chase, and the runners. The old school itself has been converted into a museum, and in the long raftered room where we learnt Greek, a crocodile with gaping jaws, stuffed monkeys, and some bottled snakes teach useful knowledge to all who come. When last I was there, they were teaching a blue-nosed boy to make squeaks on the glass with his wetted finger, and he was getting on very well. But from my old seat (under the crocodile) I could see beyond the Berwick woods the wild and tossing hills, already touched with snow, just as when I used to watch the running light upon them, and envy the lives folded in their valleys. Close in front was the bend of the river where Bryan's Ford swings past Blue Rails, just as it ran one night, still longer ago, when Admiral Benbow as a little boy launched his coracle for the sea. In a shining horse-shoe the river sweeps round the spires on Shrewsbury Hill. The red castle guards the narrows, and east and west the Welsh and English bridges cross the water. Below the English bridge I never cared to discover what might come, for the river ran down towards the land of dulness, opposite to the course of adventure and the sun. But to follow up the stream, to scrape across her shingly fords, to watch for the polished surface of her shoals, and move silently over the black depths where no line had reached a bottom—let me die, as Wordsworth says, if the very thought of it does not always fill me with joy! Incalculable from hour to hour, the river never loses her charm and variety. In a single night the water will rise twenty feet, and pour foaming through the deep

channel it has been cutting for so many years. Along its banks of sandstone and loam the dotterels run, and rats and stoats thread the labyrinth of the flood-washed roots. There the bullfinches build, kingfishers dig their "tunnelled house," moorhens set their shallow bowl of reeds, and sometimes a tern flits by like a large white swallow. On tongues of gravel, where the current eddies under the deep opposite bank, red cattle with white faces used to come down in summer and stand far out in the stream, ruminating and flicking their tails, or following us with wondering eyes as we ran naked over the grass and fell splashing into the water. Severn water is full of light and motion. Never stopping to sulk, it has no dead and solid surface, but is alive right through, reflecting the sunshine, green with long ribbons of weed, orange from the pebbly bed, and indigo where the unbreaking crests of its ripples rise. As it passes beneath deep meadows, and under the solemn elms, it whispers still of the mountains from which it came. Into the midst of hedgerow villages and ordered fields it brings its laughing savagery, telling of another life than theirs, of rocks and sounding falls and moorland watersheds. Other rivers may be called majestic, and we talk of Father Tiber and Father Thames, but no one ever called the Severn Father, or praised her but for her grace; for she is like the body and soul of a princess straight from a western fairyland—so wild and pliant, so full of laughter and of mystery, so uncertain in her gay and sorrowing moods. On my word, though the science of education must be a very splendid thing, untaught, untrained, uninstructed as we Shrewsbury boys would now be considered, I would not change places with the most scientifically educated man in England, who had never known a river such as that.

—From *Between the Acts*.

TUNBRIDGE TOYS.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

I wonder whether those little silver pencil-cases with a moveable almanack at the butt-end are still favorite implements with boys, and whether pedlars still hawk them around the country? Are there pedlars and hawkers still, or are rustics and children grown too sharp to deal with them? Those pencil-cases, as far as my memory serves me, were not of much use. The screw, upon which the moveable almanack turned, was constantly getting loose. The 1 of the table would work from its moorings, under Tuesday or Wednesday, as the case might be, and you would find, on examination, that Th. or W. was the 23½ of the month (which was absurd on the face of the thing), and in a word your cherished pencil-case an utterly unreliable time-keeper. Nor was this a matter of wonder. Consider the position of a pencil-case in a boy's pocket. You had hard-bake in it; marbles kept in your purse when the money was all gone; your mother's purse, knitted so fondly and supplied with a little bit of gold, long since—prodigal little son!—scattered amongst the swine—I mean amongst brandy-balls, open tarts, three-cornered puffs, and similar abominations. You had a top and string; a knife; a piece of cobbler's wax; two or three bullets; a *Little Warbler*; and I, for my part, remember, for a considerable period, a brass-barrelled pocket-pistol (which would fire beautifully, for with it I shot off a button from Butt Major's jacket);—with all these things, and ever so many more, clinking and rattling in your pockets, and your hands, of course, keeping them

in perpetual movement, how could you expect your moveable almanack not to be twisted out of its place now and again—your pencil-case to be bent—your liquorice-water not to leak out of your bottle over the cobbler's wax, your bull's-eyes not to ram up the lock and barrel of your pistol, and so forth?

In the month of June, thirty-seven years ago, I bought one of those pencil-cases from a boy whom I shall call Hawker, and who was in my form. Is he dead? Is he a millionaire? Is he a bankrupt now? He was an immense screw at school, and I believe to this day that the value of the thing for which I owed and eventually paid three-and-sixpence, was in reality not one-and-nine.

I certainly enjoyed the case at first a good deal, and amused myself with twiddling round the moveable calendar. But this pleasure wore off. The jewel, as I said, was not paid for, and Hawker, a large and violent boy, was exceedingly unpleasant as a creditor. His constant remark was, "When are you going to pay me that three-and-sixpence? What sneaks your relations must be! They come to see you. You go out to them on Saturdays and Sundays, and they never give you anything! Don't tell *me*, you little humbug!" and so forth. The truth is that my relations were respectable; but my parents were making a tour in Scotland; and my friends in London, whom I used to go and see, were most kind to me, certainly, but somehow never tipped me. That term, of May to August, 1823, passed in agonies then, in consequence of my debt to Hawker. What was the pleasure of a calendar pencil-case in comparison with the doubt and torture of mind occasioned by the sense of the debt, and the constant reproach in that fellow's scowling eyes and gloomy, coarse reminders? How was I to pay off such a debt out of sixpence a week? ludicrous! Why did

not some one come to see me, and tip me? Ah! my dear sir, if you have any little friends at school, go and see them, and do the natural thing by them. You won't miss the sovereign. You don't know what a blessing it will be to them. Don't fancy they are too old—try 'em. And they will remember you, and bless you in future days; and their gratitude shall accompany your dreary after-life; and they shall meet you kindly when thanks for kindness are scant. O mercy! shall I ever forget that sovereign you gave me, Captain Bob? or the agonies of being in debt to Hawker? In that very term, a relation of mine was going to India. I actually was fetched from school in order to take leave of him. I am afraid I told Hawker of this circumstance. I own I speculated upon my friend's giving me a pound. A pound? Pooh! A relation going to India, and deeply affected at parting from his darling kinsman, might give five pounds to the dear fellow! . . . There was Hawker when I came back—of course there he was. As he looked in my scared face, his turned livid with rage. He muttered curses, terrible from the lips of so young a boy. My relation, about to cross the ocean to fill a lucrative appointment, asked me with much interest about my progress at school, heard me construe a passage of Eutropius, the pleasing Latin work on which I was then engaged; gave me a God bless you, and sent me back to school; upon my word of honor, without so much as a half-crown. It is all very well, my dear sir, to say that boys contract habits of expecting tips from their parents' friends, that they become avaricious, and so forth. Avaricious! fudge! Boys contract habits of tart and toffee-eating, which they do not carry into after life. On the contrary, I wish I *did* like 'em. What raptures of pleasure one could now have for five shillings, if one could but pick it off the pastrycook's

tray! No. If you have any little friends at school, out with your half-crowns, my friend, and impart to those little ones the little fleeting joys of their age.

Well, then. At the beginning of August, 1823, Bartlemy-tide holidays came, and I was to go to my parents, who were at Tunbridge Wells. My place in the coach was taken by my Tutor's servants—"Bolt-in-Tun," Fleet Street, seven o'clock in the morning, was the word. My Tutor, the Rev. Edward P——, to whom I hereby present my best compliments, had a parting interview with me: gave me my little account for my governor: the remaining part of the coach hire; five shillings for my own expenses; and some five-and-twenty shillings on an old account which had been overpaid, and was to be restored to my family.

Away I ran and paid Hawker his three-and-six. Ouf! what a weight it was off my mind! (He was a Norfolk boy, and used to go home from Mrs. Nelson's "Bell Inn," Aldgate—but that is not to the point.) The next morning, of course, we were an hour before the time. I and another boy shared a hackney-coach; two-and-six: porter for putting luggage on coach, three pence. I had no more money of my own left. Rasherwell, my companion, went into the "Bolt-in-Tun" coffee-room, and had a good breakfast. I couldn't; because, though I had five and twenty shillings of my parents' money, I had none of my own, you see.

I certainly intended to go without breakfast, and still remember how strongly I had that resolution in my mind. But there was that hour to wait. A beautiful August morning—I am very hungry. There is Rasherwell "tucking" away in the coffee-room. I pace the street, as sadly almost as if I had been coming to school, not going thence. I turn into a court by mere chance—I vow it was by mere

chance—and there I see a coffee-shop with a placard in the window, *Coffee, Twopence; Round of buttered toast, Twopence.* And here am I, hungry, penniless, with five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money in my pocket.

What would you have done? You see I had had my money, and spent it in that pencil-case affair. The five-and-twenty shillings were a trust—by me to be handed over.

But then would my parents wish their only child to be actually without breakfast? Having this money, and being so hungry, so *very* hungry, mightn't I take ever so little—Mightn't I at home eat as much as I chose?

Well, I went into the coffee-shop, and spent fourpence. I remember the taste of the coffee and toast to this day—a peculiar, muddy, not sweet-enough, most fragrant coffee—a rich, rancid, yet not-buttered enough, delicious toast. The waiter had nothing. At any rate, fourpence I know was the sum I spent. And the hunger appeased, I got on the coach a guilty being.

At the last stage,—what is its name? I have forgotten in seven-and-thirty years,—there is an inn with a little green and trees before it; and by the trees there is an open carriage. It is our carriage. Yes, there are Prince and Blucher, the horses; and my parents in the carriage. Oh! how I had been counting the days until this one came! Oh! how happy had I been to see them yesterday! But there was that fourpence. All the journey down that toast had choked me, and the coffee poisoned me.

I was in such a state of remorse about the fourpence, that I forgot the maternal joy and caresses, the tender paternal voice. I pull out the twenty-four shillings and eightpence with a trembling hand.

“Here's your money,” I gasp out, “which Mr. P—— owes you, all but fourpence. I owed three-and-sixpence

to Hawker out of my money for a pencil-case, and I had none left, and I took fourpence of yours, and had some coffee at a shop."

I suppose I must have been choking whilst uttering this confession.

"My dear boy," says the governor, "why didn't you go and breakfast at the hotel?"

"He must be starved," says my mother.

I had confessed; I had been a prodigal; I had been taken back to my parents' arms again. It was not a very great crime as yet, or a very long career of prodigality; but don't we know that a boy who takes a pin which is not his own, will take a thousand pounds when occasion serves, bring his parents' grey heads with sorrow to the grave, and carry his own to the gallows? Witness the career of Dick Idle, upon whom our friend Mr. Sala has been discoursing. Dick only began by playing pitch-and-toss on a tombstone: playing fair, for what we know: and even for that sin he was promptly caned by the beadle. The bamboo was ineffectual to cane that reprobate's bad courses out of him. From pitch-and-toss he proceeded to manslaughter if necessary: to highway robbery: to Tyburn and the rope there. Ah! heaven be thanked, my parents' heads are still above the grass, and mine still out of the noose.

—From *Roundabout Papers*.

NOTES.

References are to the author's *The Essentials of English Composition*.

EXPOSITION.

The Charm of Mexico, p. 3.

One helpful practice in writing exposition is to choose a definite topic for each paragraph, state it, and stick to it. (Sec. 26.)

Conduct and Adventure, p. 5.

Such a paragraph topic may be twofold, having an obverse and a reverse, like a coin. In that case, as here, the writer ends with the division of the topic which is for his purpose the more important. (Secs. 18, 25, 27.)

Exact Meanings, p. 6.

In far more than a majority of instances, the best way to make your point clear is to give a concrete illustration of your meaning. (Secs. 18, 66.)

The Color of Walden Pond, p. 7.

Another method of exposition constantly employed is the explanation from different points of view. In this selection a physical matter is under discussion; in the next selection (*The Flame*, p. 9), an abstraction; but the method employed is the same. (Secs. 27, 65; in connection with *The Flame*, note also Sec. 51.)

The Origin of Language, p. 12.

This selection shows the development of a topic through several paragraphs. Comment on the paragraphing from the point of view of unity. If the paragraphs are technically imperfect, upon what do the clearness and solidity of the whole composition depend? (Sec. 28.)

The Associations of Words, p. 14.

Compare the method here with that of *Exact Meanings*, on p. 6. (Sec. 66.)

The Puritans, p. 17.

The method employed here is not so much explanation, or the citation of concrete examples, though both these are involved in the author's plan. It is rather re-statement, saying the same thing over and over in different words. Macaulay does it brilliantly and effectively, but in attempting to follow in his footsteps most writers merely become wordy. (Sec. 18.)

Fashion, p. 21.

Here is an exposition complete in itself. The topic is too large to be handled in a single paragraph; yet it is so definitely a unit that from the point of view of structure this unity is the most striking thing about it.

In the first place, this is exposition, because it seeks not to individualize the woman under discussion, but to explain her relation to her fellow-beings, to classify her. (Sec. 62.) The whole paper is one long illustration of an abstract idea—the effect of a certain kind of rigid social convention upon humanity.

In the second place, the unity which has just been spoken of is secured by three easily distinguishable devices. The first is the absolutely definite single point of view. Every possession, every faculty of the woman is looked at in the light of its relation to Fashion. There is no complication, no going around and around the subject to exhibit it from different angles. Mr. Galsworthy, having arrived as he believes at the final conclusion, gives us that conclusion only, without the preliminary steps by which he arrived at it. The advantage of this method is obvious; the disadvantage is that the conclusion may seem partisan and one-sided. The second device is the careful isolation of the subject from any other matter which might distract our attention. In the row of carriages Mr. Galsworthy speaks of are seven hundred women, and passing by in the streets are thousands; any of them might be introduced into the discussion, but they are all carefully excluded. We are allowed to see but the *one*. The reader is really looking through a microscope at an infinite number of little particles of humanity, but the writer's art prevents him from seeing more than one at a time. The third device is the employment.

apparently casual, of two slight repetitions of phrase—"You have never had a chance," and "The figure without eyes." Compare Mr. Flandrau's use of *No hay reglas fijas* in the first selection in the book. (Sec. 64.)

Morgan's Way, p. 25.

Is this properly classified as exposition, or is it narration? Certainly at first glance its object would seem to be the telling of a story. Incidents are given, characters individualized. But to what end? That the reader may understand how Morgan, the famous Confederate cavalry leader, managed his marvellous raids—how he marched, how he fought. This is narrative in form, but the narration is skilfully generalized to expository ends. The next selection (*Lumbering in the Early '80's*) is a longer example of precisely the same type. (Sec. 62.)

Sir Walter Scott, p. 34.

Mr. Chesterton's paper is far less marked by unity than Mr. Galsworthy's. It is a series of remarks on Scott, not from one but from several points of view—the increased interest in Scott, the length of his romances, the characteristics of romance in general, as illustrated by Scott and by later writers, and so on. Mr. Chesterton does not isolate his subject, but relates it constantly to other subjects; he permits himself digressions, indeed he may be said to revel in them. His exposition is not even altogether coherent. Its characteristic is its vividness. It is like brilliant conversation, touching upon and illuminating successively various aspects of his topic. If Mr. Galsworthy is the scientist allowing us to peep through his microscope, Mr. Chesterton is the amiable and garrulous guide who leads us through an exhibition, commenting, chatting, but managing nevertheless truly to *explain* the idea which underlies the whole. This paper is criticism, which has sometimes been distinguished from pure exposition; but it is hard to see on what ground, unless one limits exposition to formal scientific presentation of causes, and adds still further classifications to include such comment upon life, for instance, as Thackeray's. At bottom, from one point of view or another, they are all explanation. (Sec. 68.)

Youth in the City, p. 39.

Here is an exposition dealing in a high style with an abstract matter; it may be instructively compared, in material and tone,

with such an informal setting forth of a specific process, for instance, as Mr. Flandrau's *Preparation of Coffee* (p. 47). Its art conceals the firmness of its structure; yet the solid form is there, and may easily be revealed by outlining. (Sec. 68.)

The Preparation of Coffee, p. 47.

This selection might almost be called typical. In the solidity of its form and the freedom and personality of its style it may serve as a model for the college student who wishes to write at once clearly and entertainingly. From the point of view of the coffee expert it leaves almost everything to be desired; in other words, if you wished to learn how to prepare coffee on land you had just bought in Mexico, you would have to go elsewhere than to Mr. Flandrau. From this point of view, too, the title which has been given by the editor to the selection might be objected to. But the casual reader who wishes to know something about coffee might look in vain for another account of the preliminary details of its preparation more agreeably presented. It begins exactly where the average reader's knowledge leaves off; it follows the general process in chronological order, with skilful digressions here and there when absolute adherence to chronology would be less clear; it is full of specific detail, harmoniously subordinated to the various divisions of the main subject. (Sec. 62.)

De Finibus, p. 51.

This is exposition of a sort very common and yet very difficult to do effectively. It is as truly *explanation* of the writer's subject as Macaulay's *Puritans* or Galsworthy's *Fashion*. But the subject itself is far less definite; and so the explanation is less definite also. Change the title, however, to "A Novelist's Feelings on Ending a Story" and the general topic becomes clearer. Subdivide the main topic into Introduction—A novelist's feelings on ending a story: (1) His preoccupation with his characters, (2) His belief in their reality, (3) Novel-writers as novel-readers, (4) Some personal preferences, especially for a happy ending, and for stories without preaching, (5) How novels get themselves written, (6) The charms of vivid characterization, (7) Conclusion—the sadness and the charm of recollections. It is plain that we have here no attempt at complete psychological analysis; no attempt even at ordered, though informal, giving of information, such as is offered by Mr. Flandrau's article (p. 47). This is merely casual comment. But the comment, if casual, is illuminating. At the

end, we know just how Thackeray, in part at least, felt when he had finished one of his great novels. Such expositions as this are frequently classified as personal essays. Montaigne, Addison, Lamb, are famous writers of this sort; and in America Mr. William Dean Howells is widely read. Practice in the expression of individual opinion of this sort is often a delight amid the sterner and more necessary effort toward rigidity of structure. (Sec. 68.)

Grover Cleveland, p. 63.

This is an example of biographical exposition. Biography, like history, may be chiefly exposition or chiefly narration. That depends on whether the interest of the writer is in the incidents themselves or in their relation to the character of his subject. Mr. White's interest is in the latter; the paper is therefore chiefly exposition. Chronological in its order, it constantly subordinates, nevertheless, what Cleveland did to what Cleveland was. The most valuable suggestion which may be gained from a study of its structure concerns proportion. The part of the original essay which is here given covers forty-seven years of Cleveland's life, from his birth to his inauguration as President. It contains approximately two thousand five hundred words. Of these hardly three hundred are given to his birth, ancestry, and school-days; a little over six hundred to his life from eighteen to forty-five, the time when he was finding himself, and the remainder to the two years in which he was successively elected Governor of New York and President of the United States. About a thousand words to the first forty-five years of his existence, fifteen hundred to the two in which he first became widely known! Is this good proportion? Admirable, because it is with Cleveland as a public figure, not with Cleveland primarily as an individual, that Mr. White is concerned. The larger part of the original article, a part here omitted, deals with Cleveland as President. Unerringly, in this fashion, Mr. White by his skilful use of the space at his disposal throws the emphasis where he wants it. Had he written fifteen hundred words on Cleveland's boyhood, a thousand on the two significant first years of his prominence, he might have been as entertaining but he would not have been as effective. (Sec. 21.)

The Method of Scientific Investigation, p. 71.

This is one of the best-known and rightly notable scientific expositions in nineteenth-century literature. In every way a model.

it should be studied and analyzed by the class in the light of the various suggestions that have been made concerning the shorter selections. Unity, coherence and proportion, concrete illustration, solidity of form and vigor and freedom of style, may all be discovered as elements in an admirable whole. A formal outline should be made of the paper, and the various devices which are employed to make the different points clear should be separately brought out.

ARGUMENTATION.

Letter to General McClellan, p. 81.

The force of this letter lies first in its clear and unequivocal statement of the issue, stripped of any possible confusing details; second, in its precise determination of the points which must be settled to decide that issue. Properly speaking the letter is not an argument at all, but a preliminary survey of the lines which an argument on the subject must follow. The form of the first, fourth, and fifth heads, however, shows clearly enough what Lincoln's method of development would have been.

The Practicability of Union, p. 82.

When the Constitution of the United States was before the people for discussion in 1787, Hamilton and Madison, in a long series of papers, argued and defended it from possible attack at all points. This paper, the fourteenth in the series, considers the fundamental question whether a republic can ever be successfully established in a country of very large area. It is interesting to observe in what degree time has strengthened certain of Madison's contentions and demonstrated the weakness of others; complicated theory having in this case been subjected to the practical test of a century of experience. A brief of the argument follows: (Sec. 89.)

BRIEF.

Introduction:—

Summary of previous arguments.

Statement of the Issue—

Does the great extent of the country which the Union would embrace constitute a valid objection to that Union?

Body—

- I. The distance which must be covered by many of those who meet to make the law constitutes no real objection, *for*
 1. Only a few need make these journeys, *for*
 - 1¹. Only representatives need make them, *for*
 - 1². The proposed union is a republic, not a democracy, *and*
 - 2². In a republic representatives, not the whole people, meet to make the laws.
 2. The journeys involved for these few are entirely feasible, *for*
 - 1¹. The greatest distance is not over 868 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles, *and*
 - 2². Similar journeys have been constantly practicable in Europe.
 - 1². In Germany, Poland, Great Britain.
- II. The variety of laws required, and the difficulty of administering them, constitute no real objection, *for*
 1. These laws will be made and administered by the subordinate governments.
- III. That the territory under the government may subsequently become too unwieldy is not a valid objection, *for*
 1. At present only territory immediately contiguous to the original thirteen states will be admitted, *and*
 2. The present difficulties of intercommunication will be rapidly ameliorated.
- IV. The advantage of Union to the frontier states will more than offset any inconvenience arising from their distance from the capital, *for*
 1. Union will assist them against the enemies which a frontier group must always encounter.

Sectionalism and the Doctrine of Equality, I, p. 88.

This and the two selections which follow are from the Lincoln-Douglas debates in the senatorial campaign in Illinois in 1858. There were seven debates in the series. The first two selections are from Douglas's speech and Lincoln's reply in the 5th debate, held at Galesburg. The third selection is from Lincoln's speech in the last debate, held at Alton. Excellent accounts of those famous encounters may be found in Rhodes' *History of the United States*, Vol. II, and in Nicolay and Hay's *Abraham Lincoln*.

The debates ranged over a considerable period, and the issues changed as the campaign continued. Two charges were brought pretty steadily against Lincoln, however—that the Republican party, which he represented, was not national but sectional, and that he believed in the equality of the white man and the negro and such a belief was fatal to a sound understanding of the principles of the American government. These are the charges which Douglas here prefers, and to which Lincoln replies. The student should be asked to brief both arguments. (Secs. 87, 88, 89.)

The Real Issue, p. 100.

The difficulty of settling the argument between Lincoln and Douglas was complicated by the fact that the debaters did not agree on the real issue. (Sec. 83.) Douglas, in his final appearance at Alton, declared that he had met Lincoln on the three propositions which Lincoln had originally laid down—(1) That the Union could not exist divided into Free and Slave States, (2) That the Dred Scott decision ought not to stand, and (3) that the Declaration of Independence included and meant the negroes as well as the white men, when it declared all men to be created equal. But he accused Lincoln of shifting his ground. Lincoln denied that he had shifted; and in the part of his speech that follows, repeated what he had before declared to be the fundamental question—was slavery right or wrong? This issue Douglas absolutely rejected. "I do not choose," he said, "to occupy the time allotted to me in discussing a question we have no right to act upon." The voters declared Douglas right; time proved him wrong.

On the Tragedies of Shakespeare, p. 105.

The arguments which have been offered up to this point are concerned with affairs. As has been suggested, time determines the truth or falsity of asseveration upon such subjects. The argument of Lamb, however, is of a different nature, concerning itself indeed with what is at bottom a matter of taste, and therefore impossible of any final determination. The writer's hypothesis can be neither proved nor disproved by evidence. The work becomes a piece of persuasion, ultimately addressed as much to the emotions as to the intellect. In such work, however, the importance of form is as demonstrable and evident as in the most practical discussion of scientific hypothesis. For this reason a brief of Lamb's argument ought by all means to be made by the student. (Secs. 91, 67.)

Middle and Distance Running, p. 109.

As a fairly exact antithesis to the argument of Lamb, the present paper is offered. The question here is primarily one of fact. The issue is stated in the first sentence; the answer must depend upon the evidence, and upon the evidence alone. Of course we need a mutual understanding of our terms: what do we mean by injurious? It should be noted, moreover, that even assuming that the author has proved to our satisfaction that middle distance running is not injurious, he has by no means proved even that it ought to be kept up, much less that it ought to be countenanced in its present extent. It may be wasteful of time; it may, in college at least, distract the attention from more important matters. Into these questions the author does not enter, nor is there any reason why he should. *His* purpose is fulfilled if he establishes his single contention. (Secs. 73, 74.)

The Short Ballot, p. 124.

This argument is here presented, not because it has a good style, which perhaps on the whole it has not, but because it is on a subject of current interest and great importance, and because it possesses particularly the qualities of clearness and orderly progression which ought to be the chief end of the study of argumentation. It is in consequence very easy to brief; and a careful brief should be made of it. Why does it begin where it does? To the first contention, that at present we vote blindly, how much space, proportionately, is devoted? Is the paragraph on p. 130 beginning "By the way, every factor in this sequence is a unique American phenomenon," a digression? Is the explanation on pp. 132, 133 of what is really meant by the term "short ballot" properly brought in so far from the beginning? Why should not the term have been defined at the outset? Is the explanation full enough? Is the conclusion effective—definite enough, harmonious with the rest in tone?

DESCRIPTION.**A Suburban Neighborhood, p. 137.**

This is description by details, introduced and closed by a kind of general summary. The method is common, and from a psychological point of view very sound; why? (Sec. 122.)

A Mexican Landscape, p. 138.

In this description there is a steady, calculated progression up to the last sentence. The description, in other words, has climax. Dickens presents the details as they spring to the eye, Mr. Flandrau organizes them carefully into a picture. (Sec. 124.)

The Interior of St. Mark's, p. 139.

The method of climax is here shown even more strikingly than in Mr. Flandrau's work. (Sec. 124.)

Six Portraits, p. 141.

These sketches of notabilities, by Carlyle, are all much alike in general method. They pitch upon the unusual, individualizing details of appearance, action, and voice, and either begin or end with a sentence which endeavors to relate all the details to a central core of thought, the fundamental expression of the men's personality. Coleridge gives you the idea of a good man whose life had been full of suffering; Tennyson is one of the finest-looking men in the world; Webster gives an effect of "silent Berserkirrage"; Landor is a wild man whom no amount of culture has been able to tame; Bronson Alcott is a kind of venerable Don Quixote; Thackeray is a big man, not a strong one. The value of the sketches lies not in the method but in the penetration which discovers the essentially individualizing things; yet the method itself is an effective one. Notice how many of the details are rather suggestive than pictorial, appealing to the mind and the imagination, not primarily to the eye or the hearing. Coleridge spoke as if preaching, could not walk steadily on one side of a path, had lived apparently a heavy-laden, half-vanquished life; Tennyson smokes infinite tobacco, and is the best company in the world over a pipe; Daniel Webster one would be inclined to back, at first sight, as a Parliamentary Hercules against the whole world; Landor has a restless, impetuous vivacity; Alcott is a man whom no one can even laugh at without loving; Thackeray one in whose history explosions are to be expected. No two artists would after reading these descriptions agree in picturing the subjects; yet all readers get the same effect, the effect which Carlyle meant to give. (Sec. 122.)

An Old-Time Virginia Mansion, p. 154.

This is on the borderline between description and exposition. Is it particular or typical—in other words, is it *an* old-time man-

sion, or *any* old-time mansion? If the former, its intent is descriptive; if the latter, on the whole, expository. It is interesting also in the quantity of its specific detail. (Secs. 62, 122.)

A Russian Countryside, p. 157.

This description may illustrate the effect of an alteration in the mental point of view. Just as when the observer changes his position, he sees new details, and new aspects of those which he has already seen, so when he alters the temper, the frame of mind, in which he is observing, he sees everything in a new light. (Sec. 124.)

Darius Clayhanger, p. 159.

A succession of details, harmonious and therefore effective in spite of their number. (Sec. 122.)

The Dovecot, p. 161.

Far more is here done by suggestion than by detail. The whole description is in fact one long illustration of description by suggestion; indirect, stimulative, rather than downright. For what Mr. Barrie here seeks to give is not so much the physical details of the Dovecot as, *through them*, a sketch of Miss Ailie. The emphasis in the presentation of the garden is upon Miss Ailie's notice to the thieves; in the school-room, upon Miss Kitty's desk and its revelation of Miss Ailie's character; in the blue-and-white room, upon the tender oddity of the relation of the blue-and-whiteness to Miss Ailie; and all three descriptions together are but an introduction to the view of the school-mistress herself. (Sec. 122.)

Kipps and the Harmonicon, p. 164.

Two points in this description may be noted. In the first place, it is concerned almost exclusively with sounds. In the second place it gets its effect not only by exhibiting the sounds themselves, but chiefly by showing their result upon the auditors. (Sec. 121.)

The Parish of Selborne, p. 166.

Is this description, or is it exposition? Certainly it seeks rather to explain the parish to the reader, who is subsequently to be

introduced to the life of the birds which inhabit it. There is no attempt to stir the imagination, to appeal through the senses. On the other hand, the effort is equally plain to individualize the parish, to show how it differs from every other parish; and this has been defined as the effort of description. The work in fact illustrates a type which lies on the borderland between the two kinds of writing, and which some have classified as scientific description. (Sec. 119.)

Edinburgh, p. 169.

A long, elaborate, and thoroughly workmanlike description that may fairly serve as a model. Descriptive articles of such length are likely to be dull, for most of us demand while we read that we shall have either some exercise for our minds, or else the stimulus of action. What preserves this from dulness is the play of the writer's imagination about his details. Omit here such passages as that in the second paragraph beginning "For all who love shelter and the blessings of the sun," or in the third paragraph beginning, "It is a house of many memories," or "Half a capital and half a country town, the whole city leads a double existence," and you omit most of the charm of the whole. There are plenty of details, but they are always in a subordinate, a contributing relation, supporting columns only to the edifice of the author's affectionate meditation. Further should be noted the perfect underlying orderliness of the main plan. (Sec. 127.)

The Calton Hill, p. 174.

Another illustration of the effect of a changed point of view. (Sec. 124.)

NARRATION.

The Flight in the Heather, p. 176.

This selection is an illustration of almost pure narration—that is to say of narration which is concerned only with incident. The characters of Alan Breck Stewart and of David Balfour are plainly revealed elsewhere in the novel, but in this extract the interest depends not upon what they were but upon what they did. The background, or setting for the incidents, is also touched in very lightly. Events, nothing but events, are here the autho-

concern. They are fictitious, but actual occurrences can of course be dealt with in the same rapid manner. Observe the brevity of the sentences, the comparative absence of connectives, and the strength of the verbs, all matters which are likely to be observable in effective narration of this kind. Note, however, that each happening is clearly joined to what has preceded. The position of the three rocks in the river, the explanation of David's sudden access of courage, the description of the crag upon the top of which the two finally end this part of their flight, are all fully and carefully set forth; the incidents which concern them therefore are easy to comprehend. (Secs. 97, 102, 108.)

Le Blondin's Conspiracy, p. 184.

This brief extract from *Barry Lyndon* is an excellent illustration of straightforward, plotless narration. The style is simple, easy, yet vigorous; the incidents follow in chronological order; the characterization is just sufficient to make them plausible. The account is pure fiction; its scene is Prussia in the time of Frederick the Great.

Samson, p. 188.

Like many other stories of the Bible, the account of the life and death of Samson shows astonishing literary skill. Many of the most useful devices of the modern short-story writer we find here illustrated in this tale from before the times of Homer. Incident is freely used; but the incident is directed all to the definite end of exhibiting a character. That character is made clear and unmistakable without a word of exposition. Samson's childishness, his courage, his grim humor, his sensuality, his strength above all, remain vivid after three thousand years, merely through the succession of his experiences. Many other things happened to Samson in the twenty years of his judging Israel, but the old chronicler omits them; what he has given reveals the man, to give more might blur the outline. If not one man but the selective process of tradition is responsible, the art and the success are still the same, and still imitable. Note in passing that Samson deceives Delilah three times; not till her *fourth* attempt to find out the truth is she successful. This is a slight variant of one of the commonest methods of the story-teller to secure suspense. (Secs. 96, 97, 104, 105.)

Finisterra, p. 195.

This long selection from *The Bible in Spain* is really not one narrative, but two. The first, which ends with the descent from the cape of Finisterra, may be cited as narrative which throws the emphasis upon setting; just as the bit from *Kidnapped* throws it upon incident, and the story of Samson throws it upon character. The second is an elaborate account of a single incident; it may profitably be compared with the more rapid treatment of successive incidents which is observable in *Kidnapped*. (Secs. 101, 106, 107.)

Life at Harvard University in the Early Sixties, p. 206.

This and the following selection (*Sabrina Fair*) present admirable examples of easy historical or reminiscence narration; yet in their material and style they afford the sharpest contrast. The endeavor, therefore, to discover why both charm the reader should be a valuable one.

Tunbridge Toys, p. 226.

Another example of reminiscence, but reminiscence in this case which settles upon a single incident, and develops it almost to the proportions of a story. Note particularly the skilful indirection of the opening and closing paragraphs.

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